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THE BYSTANDER
June 28, 1939

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The Bystander

Cannons of Hollywood

Lady Anne Hope is Engaged

Lady Anne Hope, whose engagement to Lieut. Patrick Southby, R.N., was announced about two weeks ago, is the eldest of the three daughters of the Viceroy of India, the Marquess of Linlithgow. Her mother, the Marchioness of Linlithgow, is arriving home by air from India next Tuesday. A week before her engagement was announced Lady Anne Hope went into a London nursing home to have her appendix out, and the day after the announcement her fiancé went into the same home for an operation. He is the younger son of Commander Sir Archibald Southby, Bt., and Lady Southby, of Burford Priory, Oxfordshire. His father has been M.P. for Epsom since 1928. He himself was formerly A.D.C. to Lord Linlithgow. Lady Anne Hope's brother, the Earl of Hopetoun, is being married to Vivien Kenyon-Slaney at Westminster Abbey on July 24th

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

Like a patriotic citizen, I went to see the King and Queen drive from Waterloo to the Palace, and caught a glimpse of them through the forest of periscopes and children sitting on their fathers' shoulders. I was much struck by the comparative lack of cheering. Everyone was enthusiastic, but also seemed rather self-conscious, as if they would like to cheer at the tops of their voices if only somebody else would start. As a result, by the time they had made up their minds to cheer, the Royal carriage had trotted past. However, they made up for it when they had got massed into a solid block in front of the Palace. They cheered themselves hoarse.

I am now not quite so confident that I have been right about the Russian negotiations. So far I have assumed that the reason for the delay is something obscure and sinister on our side. I am now beginning to wonder whether the fault does not lie on the other side. The apparent snag, of course, is that Russia insists on a guarantee of the Balkan States, and I don't see how we can give this guarantee, if the Balkan States don't want it, without losing not only all our friends in Scandinavia, but our moral position throughout the world.

To force a guarantee upon a State that doesn't want it is a little too like totalitarian methods, and half our battle to-day, as it was in 1914, is that we are enjoying the prestige that is associated with clean hands in the minds of all decent people. It is the old story. The moment we tackle the chimney-sweep in a wrestling match on his own ground, we are bound to be covered with soot.

There was one farcical element about the Chelsea A.R.P. rehearsal. The citizenry was herded into marked-off positions on the pavements labelled "A.R.P. Shelter for Such-and-Such a number." There are no shelters in Chelsea, and apparently the Government has decided that there shall not be any anywhere. So this part of the exercise seems to me to be particularly comic. What is the point of training people to run instinctively in time of danger to a place which does not exist?

I was down in Lincolnshire the other day talking to various chaps on the subject of National Service, and I was very much struck by points raised at a Rotary Club meeting. One Rotarian, an ironmaster, tremendously keen on A.R.P., organised a decontamination squad of eight men for his area, which is about sixteen miles in length and I have forgotten how broad. Having raised one squad, he proceeded to enrol a second and third squad, but was instantly informed by the authorities that this was not only unnecessary, but actually was forbidden, and that no equipment of any sort would be provided. Another Rotarian described the incredible muddle which is going on over motor transport. Orders come down one week and are countermanded almost always within a fortnight, and he declared, amid applause, that the motor transport position was worse than it was at the time of Munich.

While down in the Lincolnshire district I was taken to see the Cranwell Cadet College of the R.A.F. It certainly is a most impressive place, and its aerodrome hums with activity all day. The College's Church must surely be unique. It is built of corrugated iron in the shape of an airship hangar. The lights are suspended from the four points of propellers, and there is a propeller over the pulpit. The font is part of an aeroplane engine, and the Cross on the altar is a propeller of which three blades have been cut short. Some people may approve of it; others may not. It 's all a matter of opinion.

Surely Sir Kingsley Wood, the Minister for Air, might stop saying in every single one of his speeches, "Our new aeroplanes are the best in the world." He says it every time. It is quite possible that our aeroplanes are the best in the world, but there is no possible way in which Sir Kingsley can prove his statement. Is he so confident that he knows everything that is going on in Germany or Italy or Russia in the research laboratories and in the aerodromes?

Mr. David Niven writes to me from Hollywood that he is going to play in the new film of *Raffles*. He attended a story-conference a few days ago, and the director was explaining a scene: "This guy Raffles is the champion cricketer of Britain, see? Well, they 're playing off one of the Test series at the Lord's field and this guy Raffles has been sent in there by the coach to pitch, see? Well, he 's winding up and the dame waves to him from the pavilion, so he pretends he 's hurt his arm with the last 'mud ball,' puts his buddy in there to pitch for him, and goes over to the pavilion. Well, the dame is sitting there with a picnic basket and is talking to one of her footmen. . . ." At this point Mr. Niven was carried out unconscious and heard no more. He is also a little worried by the fact that the producer is the man who did all the Tarzan films, and he thinks we may yet see him batting at Lord's in a leopard-skin.

Those gentlemen like "Beachcomber" and Mr. Wyndham Lewis who sneer so perpetually at cricket will be duly impressed, I hope, by the action of the parson who was playing at Lord's last week for the Bermondsey Clergy against the Southwark Clergy. He was fielding in the neighbourhood of the wicket which had been set aside for the Test match, and every time the ball came near this sacred patch of ground he ran round it and never across it, so as not to mar its perfect beauty. This seems to me to confirm everything that has been said about England's national game. It is indeed taken with religious seriousness.

It has never come my way so far in life to feel any active sympathy with or antipathy for storks. But I must say my heart goes out to the six Polish storks which are to suffer such indignities in the near future. With brightly painted wings, they were brought to Surrey in aeroplanes. There they had magnets tied on to the tops of their heads (in order to counteract the magnetism of the earth whatever that means), and then, weather permitting, they were to be egged on to fly back to Poland. I sincerely hope they will do nothing of the kind. I should think there was very pleasant browsing and sluicing (as Dr. Wodehouse would say) in Surrey for a painted, magnetic stork.

When I was in India some weeks ago I was spoken sharply to by certain chaps in the teak industry for having suggested in these pages that steel was better than wood for making railway carriages. Naturally, I apologised profusely. There was a small train accident a few days ago in which a steel train hit a wooden train, and the only casualties were in the wooden train. But perhaps that was just an unfortunate coincidence. Anyway, I don't know anything about the subject, so let us leave it at that.

I wrote the other day about magistrates who order ladies to put on hats in their court. This magisterial nonsense has been carried a step further by the magistrate who ordered a witness to go away and put on a waistcoat. The matter might end, if carried to the logical conclusion, in a magistrate preventing a man from getting justice in his court unless he appeared in a full suit of armour.

Serious umbrage was taken in theatrical circles the other day when a non-theatrical chap laughed heartily on hearing that a party for actors and actresses was being given by a friend on Ham Common. But even this gallant fellow admitted to me later that he had never yet quite had the nerve to offer a peach to an actress with a careless laugh and a casual remark about peach-fed ham.

I was bicycling through Grosvenor Square the other day, hand on hip and glancing hither and thither, when who should I see standing on the pavement but Mr. Wyndham Lewis in a morning-coat and a white top-hat, twirling his luxuriant moustache and gazing in a marked manner at a Countess with whom he was chatting. The Countess was blushing and staring at the pavement, and scratching the toe of her shoe with her parasol. As I pedalled past I distinctly heard her say, "Oh, Mr. Lewis!"

Homecoming

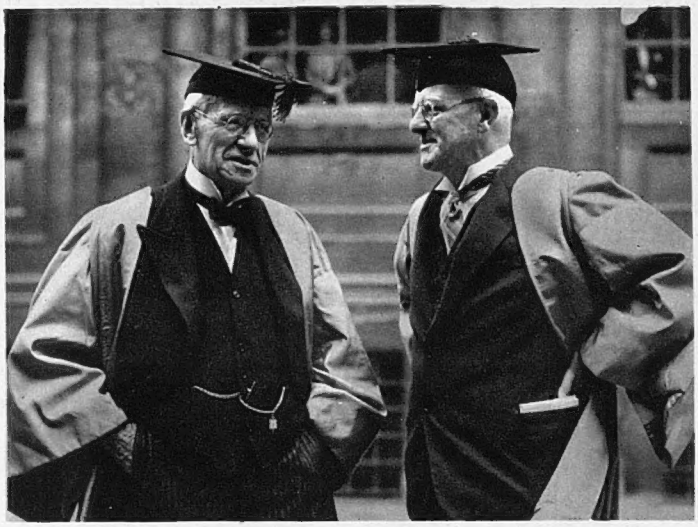
After seven weeks of big acclamations in North America the King and Queen came home to the biggest cheer of all

During King George and Queen Elizabeth's visit to Canada and the United States we home-stayers have read daily of cheering crowds. But when the royal pair came home this overworked phrase fell quite exhausted, and another is needed to describe the enthusiastic welcome at Southampton and in London. The public's mood was best instanced by Princess Margaret's; ever since joining the Empress of Britain off Yarmouth, I.W., she was bursting with excitement, waved like mad, kicked a heel off her shoe, insisted on balloons and whistles. Outside the Palace, the crowd cheered till nightfall

Reunited, *the Royal Family drove from Waterloo to Buckingham Palace in an open state landau*

This mass *of subjects sang "God Save the King" and "The Lambeth Walk," shouted "We want the King," were satisfied with a royal acknowledgment twice, at 6.15 and 8.40*

News Reel: Doctors and Soldiers



Sir Herbert Grierson and Dr. P. G. Wodehouse, Dd. Litt.

Sir Edwin Lutyens and the Duke of Alba

The Marquess of Lothian and Mr. Vincent Massey, Dd. C.L.

Oxford's degree-conferring ceremony, the Encœnia, by which the University confers but also takes on some prestige, was held in the Sheldonian last week to the rustle of silk and the drone of Latin. P. G. Wodehouse (above, left) was given a doctorate of letters, introduced in Horatian hexameters as auctor magicus quo non expertior alter . . . risusque movere (Jeeves featured in the introduction as fidus Achates); another D.Litt. went to Professor Sir Herbert Grierson (he already has them from Cambridge, Manchester, and T.C., Dublin). Sir Herbert Grierson, with Wodehouse in the picture; Lord Lothian ("pacis verœ semper vindex") and the Hon. Vincent Massey (above) got D.C.L.s; Sir Edwin Lutyens and the Spanish Ambassador (left) were guests

Coldstreamer Names Coldstreamer

Major-General Sir Cecil Pereira, Coldstream Guards, went in uniform and medals to King's Cross station to name a new L.N.E.R. engine Coldstreamer. After the ceremony the K.C.B. was photographed on the footplate before the engine drew its first train out of the terminus

Italian Wins the George V. Cup

For the first time for some years Italian entries were received for events at the International Horse Show, which finished at Olympia last week. Not only received, but also entered on the list of winners of the Show's premier award—the George V. Cup—the name being that of Lieut.-Colonel Alessandro Bettoni, Savoy Cavalry, seen here with his mount Adigrat and his trophy

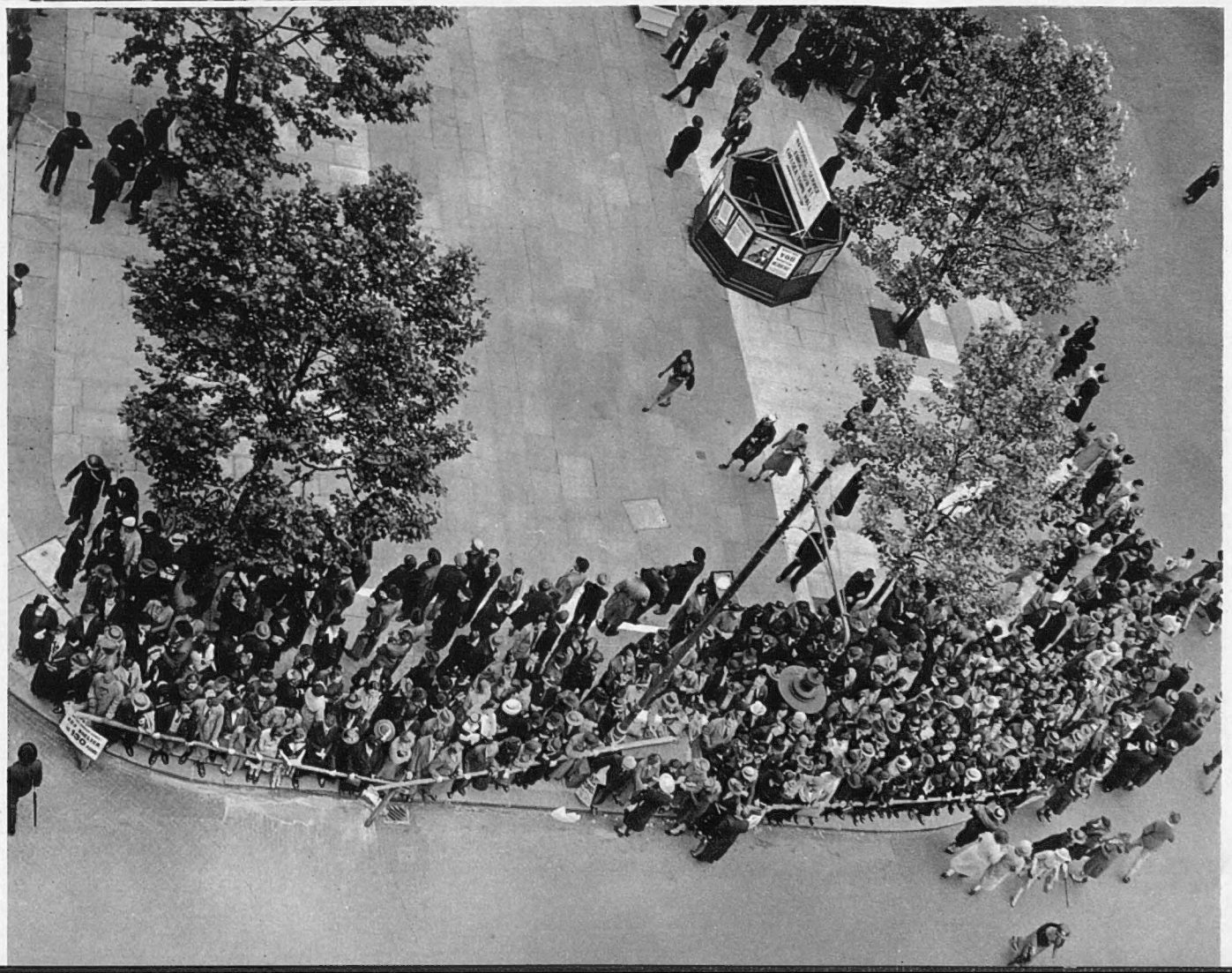
By Air to Inspect Finland

General Sir Walter Kirke, Director-General of the Territorial Army and future Inspector-General, Home Forces, was last week in Finland inspecting national defence there (Finland's claim to a key position in the present situation is her ownership of the Aland islands). The General's visit is by invitation of the Finnish defence minister

News Reel: Chelsea Tastes Mock Warfare and Likes It

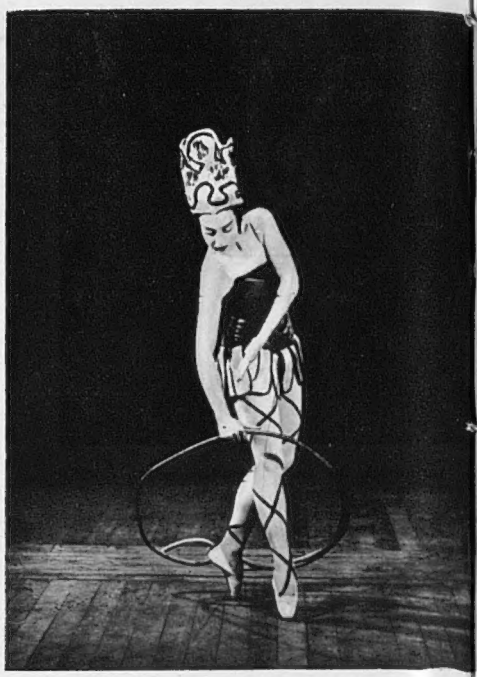
Women wardens in steel helmets and high-heeled shoes were everywhere making themselves useful during Chelsea's mock air raid. They penetrated St. Wilfrid's Convent, Cale Street, and fitted gas-masks to the Nuns there (above); they spoke to mothers with children and gave them instructions for rapid evacuation to mock shelters (right)

Chelsea, London's third smallest borough (pop. 59,026), but one of London's most active in A.R.P., staged last week the most ambitious air-raid test yet seen in the country. For the first time since June 17th, 1918, people were seen scurrying through London streets to the wail of sirens, while overhead R.A.F. machines struck mock terror, dropped mock bombs, and scored nine mock direct hits, whose consequences were dealt with by 750 wardens controlled from the pretentious town hall in King's Road. Sir John Anderson, Minister for Civil Defence, watched the show with State and municipal officials from a dangerously exposed point above Sloane Square (left); and expressed satisfaction with the discipline of the public (below)

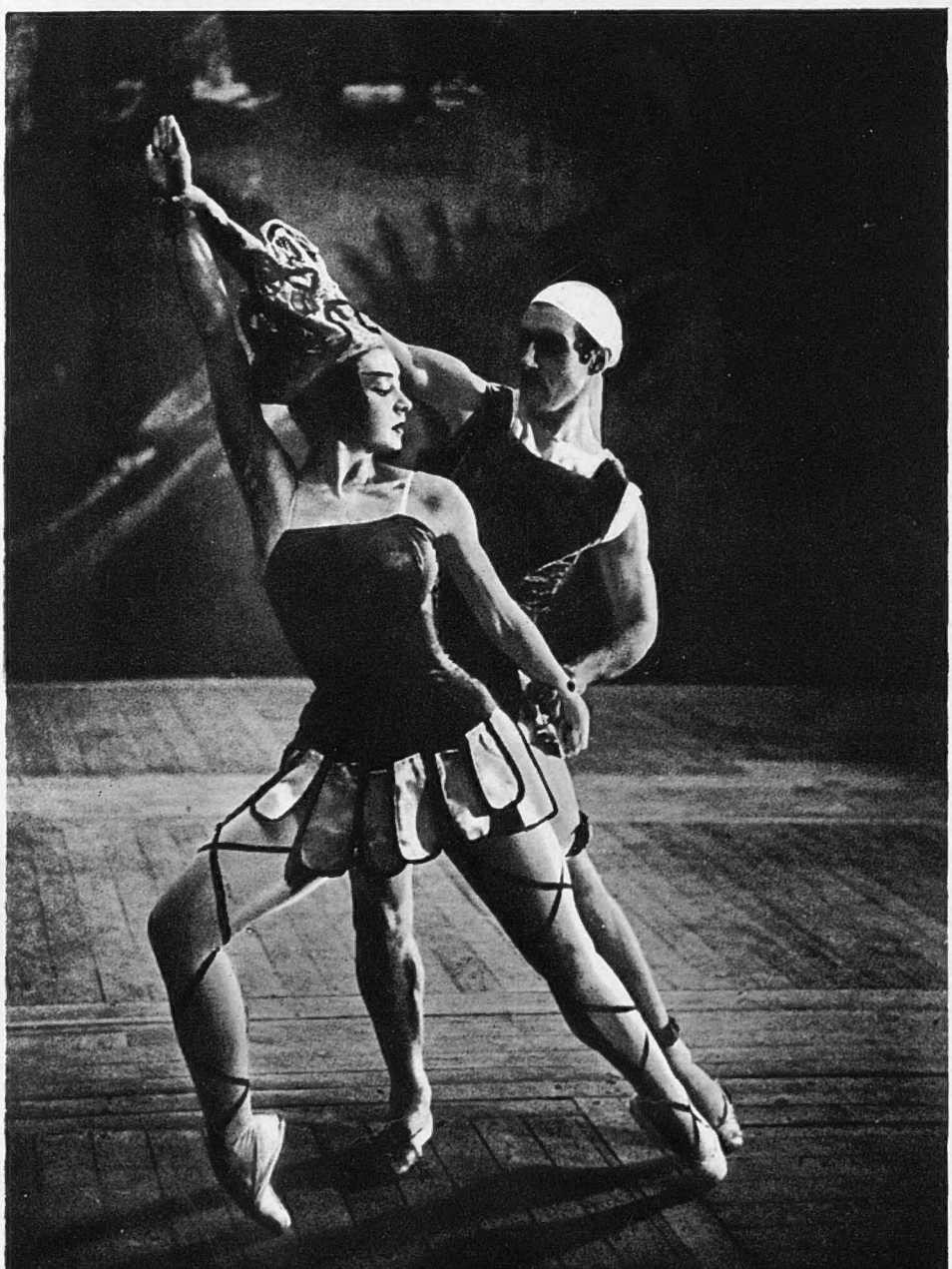


Irina Baronova is at once evil, scornful, and seductive as the Siren who beguiles, intoxicates and robs the Prodigal Son

The Siren's hoop is used throughout her solo and her pas de deux with the Prodigal with brilliant effectiveness

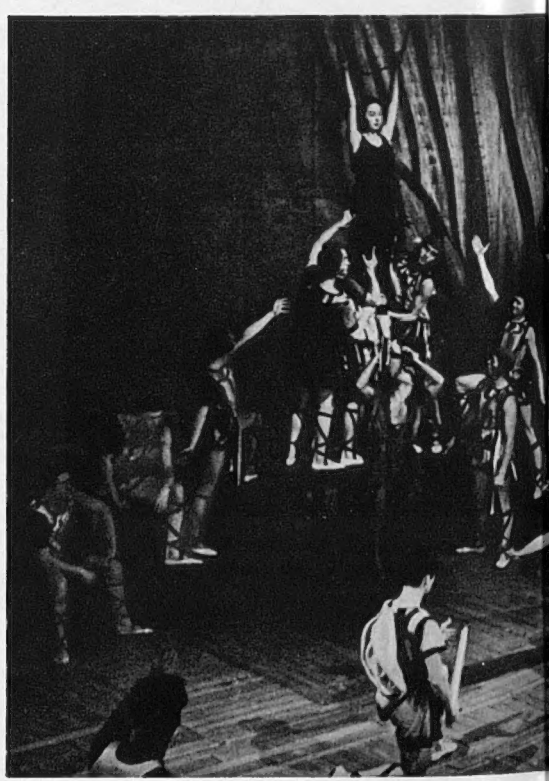


Another action picture of Baronova moving through the intricacies of her superbly-danced solo with the hoop

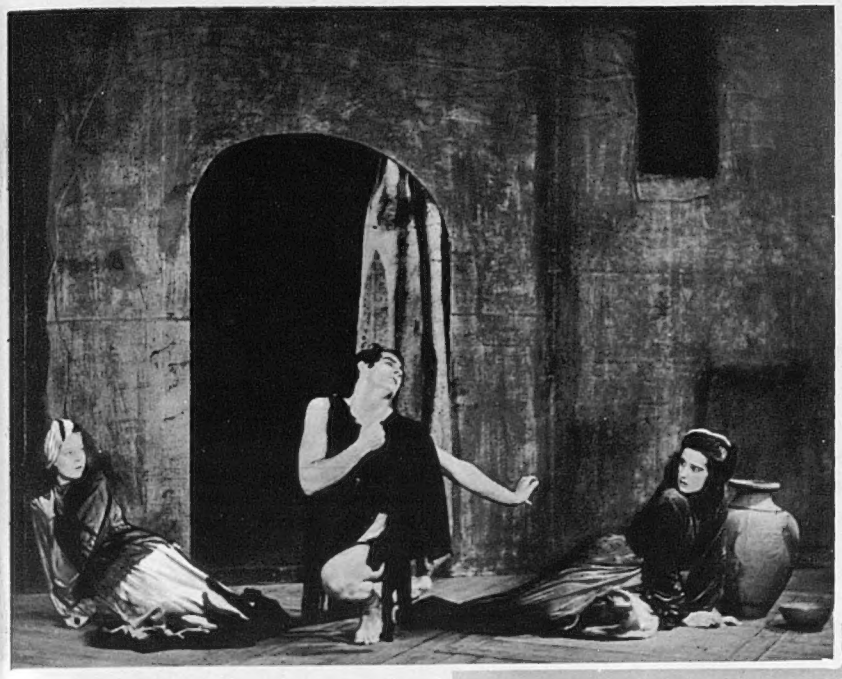


David Lichine's new ballet, *Le Fils Prodigue*, was given its London premiere on the opening night of the Russian ballet season at Covent Garden, after a big success in Australia during the company's winter tour. It is an absorbing and powerful work, with its sustained dramatic intensity and exciting grouping, the vivid characterisation of its chief roles, and the close fusion of action, mood and movement with Prokofieff's music. The sombre settings by Rouault are an important part of the whole. Dolin dances the title-role (his third Biblical creation), as he did in Australia, but Lichine

Photographs by



A rehearsal picture of one of the im- when the Prodigal and his friends



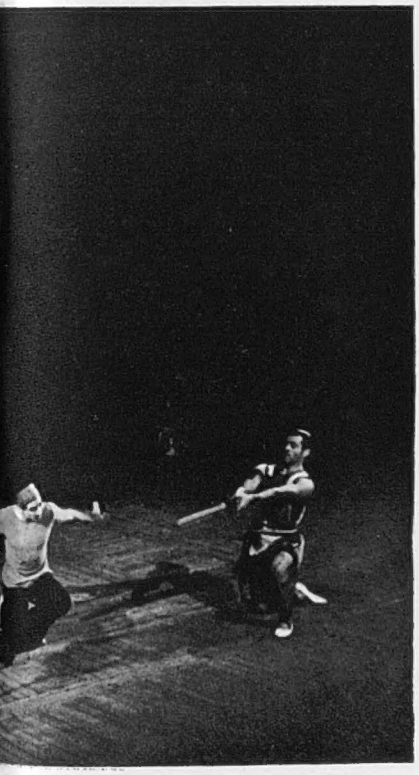
His two Sisters greet the Prodigal on his return home (Ludmila Lvova and Maria Sanina)

"Le Fils Prodigue"

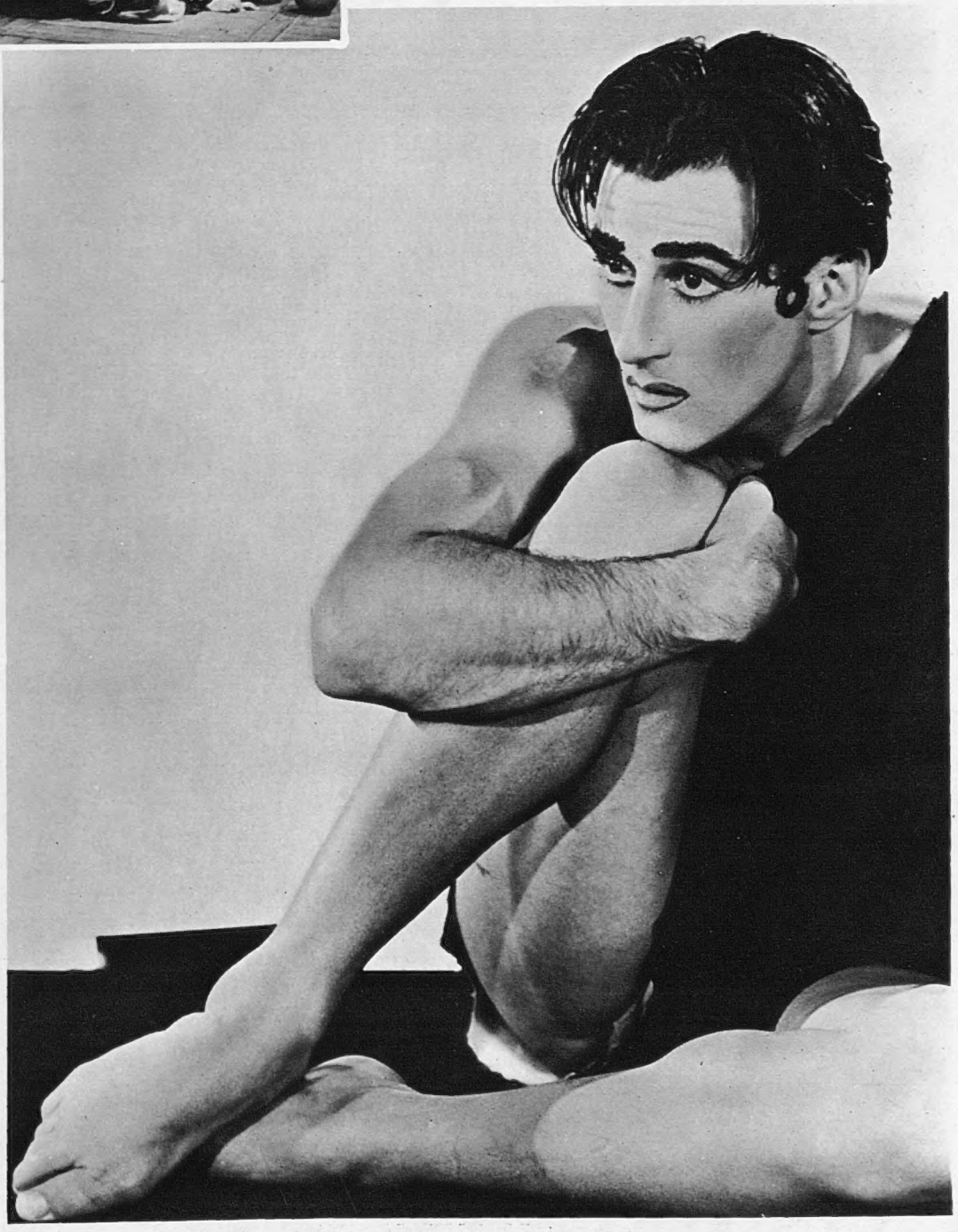
Some Impressions of Lichine's New and Finely Dramatic Ballet

himself will appear in the part later on. Grigorieva and Sono Osato both took the Siren's role in Australasia, and will share it with Baronova in London. Of the other solo parts, the Sisters are two English members of the company, Lvova (Betty Lowe) and Sanina (Bridget Kelly), the Father is Dimitri Rostoff, the Prodigal's Confidantes are Belsky and Dzikovsky, the Vagabond is Alberto Alonso. (First night pictures) are on p. 501. An article by Mr. Haskell will appear next week)

Anthony



pressive groupings of Scene II. riotously drink and dance



Anton Dolin created his first part after his return to the Russian ballet as the Prodigal Son, and dances with tremendous vitality and dramatic strength

New York Letter

By Lorine Pruette

El Morocco's leopard-skin upholstery backs here Madame Eve Curie, daughter of the scientist, Mrs. William Pally and Miss Angelica Weldon, New York socialites. The leonine head in left foreground is Henri Bernstein's

We Saw the Queen

"YES, we saw the Queen. She had on a blue dress and a pretty hat. She smiled and our hearts went out to her." That's what three-and-a-half million New Yorkers will be saying in years to come, telling the story to their children and their grandchildren. They will speak admiringly of the King, too, remembering his serious, handsome face, a little tired, and the right hand that was swollen from so many handclasps. They will chuckle with pleasure because the King liked the hot-dogs at the Hyde Park picnic, and because the Queen said the New York police force was "swell."

We are still a little bit baffled by the curious alchemy that united the Queen and the crowds who came to see her. It is possible to pick out some of the details—the exquisite costumes, the lovely complexion, the animation, the gay, youthful smile, the appearance of interest in everything: these were admirable elements in the effect created. But the whole thing was more than the sum of its parts. The symbolism was always there, and a very human, gracious woman made the symbolism glow with life.

In other lands the people have had, as part of folklore, some loved princess to whom their hearts could go out without any hindrance whatever. We in the United States have been cut off from folklore by the circumstances of the founding of this nation, and we have lacked the pageantry that eases the mind by taking it beyond the fret of daily and personal concerns. We have indulged in much unbecoming nonsense about film-stars and glamour girls, perhaps in a futile attempt to fill a need for wonderment and adulation which the response to Queen Elizabeth shows that we have had all the while.

And Down to Earth!

THE repercussions of the royal visit should carry considerable political significance. In the same week the *New Republic* has published the results of a poll of its contributors, many of whom are very distinguished intellectuals. Of the 144 replies, the largest number (47) voted for a foreign policy in regard to a European war which would mean aid to Great Britain "after she has helped herself by entering into a bloc of anti-Fascist powers (including Russia), and has given binding assurances that she is fighting for democratic aims." Almost as large a group (42) voted for "a rigorous attempt to keep out of war," through embargoes and other restrictions which would actually favour Britain and France.

The Fair Virus

THERE is still much sorrow in the city, because people go to the Fair to eat and to be entertained. The foreign Pavilions have set up some excellent restaurants. These are so popular that it is often necessary to reserve a table some days in advance. The Swedish and Danish restaurants are receiving very high praise, but Drouand's (from the syndicate in Paris, including the Café de la Paix and Armenonville) is in many ways "the tops." It has the best position for seeing the play of the fountains, with great glass windows, an outdoor bar on another floor, high prices and delicious foods and wines.

The Belgian and the Russian restaurants are in excellent positions. At the Russian I created a little stir by asking for Russian black bread, the coarse, moist kind that is so good with caviar. It seems they did not bring over flour, and they keep experimenting with our flours, only to get a refined and commonplace rye bread. The hors d'œuvre there taste just as good—which is very good—by a Russian name, and the smorgasbrot in the Scandinavian restaurants puts to shame the attempts that we meet under that name in the city.

Wandering through the French building I got lost among the priceless tapestries and the back stairs, and fetched up in the wine cellar, to the amusement of the men in charge there. I told them it was a nice place to get lost in, and they cheerfully agreed. In the restaurant the sommelier takes tender care of our customary ignorance, and may manage to teach Americans that wine does not, of necessity, mean only champagne.

***Byron Nelson** and his wife got a police guard from public enthusiasm when they left the course at Philadelphia after the U.S. Open golf championship. Nelson won the much-coveted title after a tie with Craig Wood*

***Mrs. Chips** of the film, Greer Garson, has settled for the time at a cottage in Beverly Hills above Hollywood, is seen with her mother, Mrs. Nina Garson, and Rama Dhipati, the Siamese*

Ballet First Night

The Covent Garden ballet season opened last week to an audience that filled every seat and all the extra ones that are fitted in for big premieres. The long four-ballet programme included, besides "Carnaval," "Protée" and "Aurora's Wedding," Lichine's new work, "Le Fils Prodigue"

Nina Verchinina, who had just rejoined the company, was greeted by all her friends—here by Captain R. C. Jenkinson and Mrs. Keith Newall—at the party in the foyer which followed the performance

The Countess of Rosse, who was with her husband, wore a fascinating white, gold-spangled crinoline dress

Tamara Grigorieva, who was in the audience on the first night, is with W. G. Perkins, who has just become a director of the company with Dandré and Sevastianov

Geneviève Moulin, here with conductor Antal Dorati, is a French newcomer to the company, danced an "Aurora's Wedding" variation on the first night

Viscountess Cowdray and her daughter, the Hon. Daphne Pearson (who is engaged to John Lakin, the polo international), watched the ballet and went up to the foyer party afterwards

Lady Howland, wife of the Duke of Bedford's grandson, and Viscount Forbes, the Earl of Granard's son, were two more of the packed first-night audience

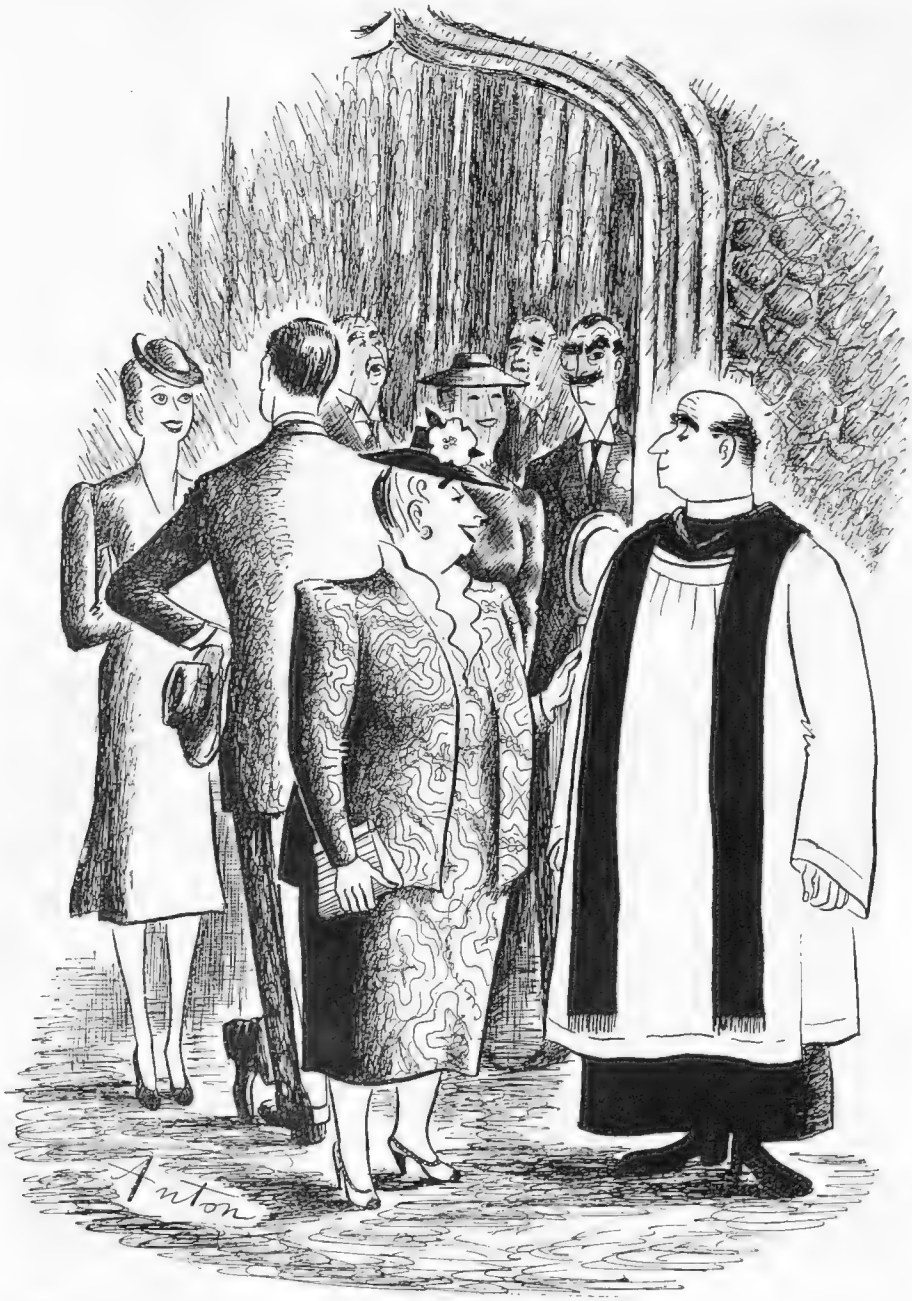
Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE City underworld and jungle life generally is extremely cockahoop over the newest French order of chivalry, the Order du Mérite Commercial, whose jewel is an eight-pointed cross, its arms joined by a tricolored cogwheel, with a figure of Marianne in the centre watching over the French Export Trade. Our own City boys, like French business men, are so used to belonging to two main classes, those already in the can and those who expect a tap on the shoulder at any moment, that they can hardly believe any Government would want to give away decorations for what in Threadneedle Street is called Swinging It. But it is so. The French Minister of Commerce has just established this Order. Starting with the rank of Chevalier, those of the boys still outside jug may be promoted to Officier and then to Commandeur, just like chaps who serve the State by great feats of courage or intelligence, nobility of character or eminence in the Science and the Arts. Its immediate effect in France, we dare aver, will be to provide the hitherto undecorated minority (some 5 per cent.) of Frenchmen with a ribbon at last and to spur Parisian revue and cabaret authors to mocking activity. Whether it will immediately increase the prestige of business men or not is problematic. In this country, more wisely, we wait till the boys have amassed a fortune and then give them their Peerage at the best market price. They then change their surnames for a title and nobody knows henceforth who the devil they are.

And one can scarcely believe it now, but before G. K. Chesterton gaily blew the gaff some thirty years ago you would have received these commonplaces with a gasp of horror. The whole of Great Britain reeled when Chesterton first casually remarked in print that British chaps can buy honours. Roars of holy rage and indignation and clamours for punishment shook these islands like a blancmange in an earthquake. Chesterton continued to say and sing it, in prose and verse alike, the sound and fury gradually subsided, like soda-water, and now everybody accepts it as a normal feature of our democratic Constitution. And not a single death, suicidal or other, was attributed to these revelations, which shows that it is possible sometimes to shock the Island Race into opening those big blue eyes without any lethal consequences.



"There's no getting away from it, Vicar—black and white is always smart"

Cytherea, A.-M.

CUPID'S European headquarters certainly seem to be Villefranche (Alpes-Maritimes), that once retired and agreeable village close to Nice, huddled so steep and cosily above the glass-green sea. What reminded us was a news story about a number of sailors of the American Navy who wanted recently to marry French girls at Villefranche but came up against some unexpected hitch in the Code Napoléon. Last time we were in Villefranche, some dozen years ago, the situation was practically the same, except that the American Navy and its loves didn't seem to be making any pedantic insistence on marriage. In and out of the village hotel on the quayside trooped the gobs and their soul-mates, gay, gloomy, amorous, quarrelsome, like the chorus of any musical show involving any navy you care to think of. Out in the deep blue roads lay a couple or so of American battleships, looking at first pretty grim and malevolent owing to a kind of steel lattice-work mast they affected forrard (or was it aft?), but highly decorative as a background to the heart-stuff ashore. And all was romance in 6-8 time, save when a sudden yell from the hotel's open windows, or from the café below, announced that some daughter of France had been socked with a bottle of Pernod, or that some laughing sailor-boy of the Sister Republic of the West had got his instead. Returning to Villefranche after the Navy had sailed, we thought those few Didos left in the village were taking their desertion pretty philosophically, and the few remaining cases of black-eye were hardly discernible.

Evidently Villefranche is to the American Navy what Cytherea was to the ancients, but we must say this present preoccupation with marriage shows a gratifying change of attitude. Maybe there are now orders to this effect and the U.S. Navy Department is trying to live down *Madame Butterfly*.

Bromide

STAMP-COLLECTORS never suffer from anxiety-neurosis. We have it on the authority of a doctor attending the

recent Congress of Philatelists at Southport. Collecting stamps—and far more, as Sir Max Beerbohm has surmised, the sensual thrill of making a limp rectangle of paper stick with gum or paste to a hard surface—cures its addicts of nerves, sleeplessness, and worry. But so (we expect) does collecting silver, tram-tickets, Old Masters, cigarette-cards, Roman coins, jade, china dogs, emeralds, old iron, railway shares, anything you like, and we don't see any particular boost in this doctor's dictum, except for himself. Moreover, there are about eighty-four better ways of attaining reasonable peace of mind than behaving like the magpie, a fool of a bird.

And another thing, stamp-collecting makes chaps go bald. At the recent International Bourse in London this was amply proved. Day after day newspaper photographs of big international dealers poring over bits of coloured paper, taken from above and looking—the dealers, we mean—like a circle of ostrich eggs, astonished the unwary and perturbed the thoughtful. Apparently philately is death to the follicles, for nobody can blame Thought in this particular connection, even if the popular superstition that excessive brainwork sends chaps bald had any truth in it. It hasn't. Thinkers are generally extremely hairy, like baboons, whereas fiddling about with stamps drives the blood to the feet—most philatelists have very hot feet—and leads swiftly to baldness. (Indian papers please copy.)

Gloat

It's quite a time since Fleet Street was able to delight the eager populace with a really juicy dismemberment. What is already being called the Leeds Torso Murder fulfils all the conditions except one, whoever chopped up the body having been described by experts as "evidently an amateur." British preference for amateurism extends, as you may have noticed, to murder as well as to sport, diplomacy, religion, government, and the Arts. Had Dr. Crippen been an expert like Jack the Ripper, using the knife with professional skill and getting away with it, he would never have been the national idol he became, like Jumbo the Elephant, Kitchener, Bottomley, Titus Oates, Drake, the present Zoo Panda, and so many others, two- and four-footed, who have aroused the sympathy, love, and admiration of the Race from time to time.

The one condition the Leeds affair fails to fulfil is an important one. There is no little house or cottage or bungalow for the citizenry to file past in its thousands, staring at the Scene of the Crime, sucking ice-cones, gnawing hot-dogs, drinking bottled beer, and giving the kids a Sunday treat. This is doubtless causing some grumbles in the refreshment-stall and charabanc industries, who, whatever open-air fanatics may say, can never approve al fresco and non-localised dismemberment.

Flop

No invitation to join the Crazy Gang from Mr. George Black having apparently reached Madame Tabouis (of *L'Œuvre*), one must conclude that the celebrated prophetess's recent personal appearance in London was the flop a lot of people feared it might be. At the Foyle luncheon La Tabouis proved to be—*si nous osons nous exprimer ainsi*—a bit of a vaguish bore, and the Palladium management are probably right not to offer her an engagement, much as the Left Wing boys and girls still worship her. On the other hand, if this were Paris (or New York) a nice little satiric music-hall or revue sketch could be built round The Girl Whose Ear Is At Every Keyhole, and who is so busy—according to one of the interviews—foreseeing everybody's future foreign policy that she often has to communicate with Monsieur Tabouis, who is in the radio trade, by letter. (Like Mr. Beeton, we guess—who knows how often that devoted person had to lunch off a ham-sandwich because his wife was working out a twenty-course banquet?)

Nobody will accuse us, we trust, of being a Hitlerphile if we observe that his recent half-joking, half-snarling remark that Madame T. knows his most secret plans twenty-four hours before he does himself shows the way to handle the prophecy racket, whose more vocal adepts are increasing weekly, their shrill forecastings being sometimes as dangerous as they're (mostly) inaccurate. It's like letting children let off squibs round an open powder-magazine, or would be, if people had not grown the least bit cynical lately about the Press, its objects, methods, and sources, and the quality of its information.

Treat

Modern Greek, a cultured chap was assuring us last week, doesn't differ so enormously from Classical Greek, barring a few vowel sounds and whatnots, that a chap can't enjoy the performances of those members of the Royal Theatre Company of Greece now touring England. For this we were ready to take his word, the more so because we remembered Maurice Baring's story of how, when he was reading Sappho's celebrated Ode to Aphrodite on the Acropolis one day many years ago, a shepherd in sheepskins strolled up, took the book, and read the Ode aloud to Mr. Baring in an incredibly beautiful rustic accent, merely remarking that it was written in dialect. (Just as a modern English farm labourer in a pub would read you a few verses of Caedmon or Chaucer in the original—you may have had that interesting experience?) Not knowing much more Greek than the Great Wart Hog of Bactria we couldn't ever enjoy such a pleasure as Mr. Baring did, but we can tell you one thing, if you're still listening—namely, that the golden music of the Latin tongue, which cretins call a dead language, is heard at its best when spoken, chanted, or crooned by a Welchman using the Italian pronunciation.

Wossat?

Contemplating with mixed feelings a bathing-belle's photograph in *The Times* the other week, we conjectured amid our pain, you may remember, that Auntie is becoming more (to coin a word) democratic. A reader has since pointed out to us that in a recent obituary Auntie referred to "the ouse of Commons."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Confessions of a Nazi Spy" is the film most fully dealt with by our critic here. It shows Edward G. Robinson in the role of U.S. Federal investigator, tracking down a network of German espionage — here he cross-examines Paul Lukas. At the Warner

The most notable and original feature of the Nazi spy film is its air of authenticity. The scenario is very little dramatised and is based on facts revealed by the recent American trial. This trio are spies Dorothy Tree, Francis Lederer, George Sanders

Films of the Day

A Documentary of Espionage

By George Campbell

THE bright young gentlemen of the G.P.O. Film Unit boast that British documentaries lead the world. But do they? This country certainly turns out a great many shorts of an informative and propagandist sort, designed to boost the prestige of the National Government or stimulate the consumption of gas. Their quality is another matter. A few show imagination; a very few have punch; the great majority are merely compilations bearing much the same relation to cinematic art as the average obituary notice bears to letters. Whenever the Americans turn towards this field, on the other hand, they aim at, and often achieve, an urgency and feeling for dramatic form outside most of our directors' range. By way of illustration one need only recall *Grass*, *Nanook of the North*, *The River*, Ernest Hemingway's *Spanish Earth*, and now *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*. Some people I know would call these films commercial, rather than documentary, thereby posing the problem: when is a documentary not a documentary? The answer to which is when it 's a success.

"Peter the Great" is a Soviet excursion into Romanoff history, with the merits — strength, atmosphere, ideals — and the demerits — noisiness, slowness — of the Russian film. Peter, played by Simonov (right), is shown as a fearless, robust reformer; his son and heir is well played by Tcherkassov (left). At the Academy

I WENT to *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* with some misgivings. The title led me to expect a dish of le Queux highly seasoned with hysteria. It was all the more agreeable to find a sober reconstruction of the recent Nazi spy conspiracy in the United States, based on the conspirators' own confessions and bearing every sign of authenticity. Here and there the dialogue between Nazi agents and other details must be guesswork; but many of the events are depicted exactly as the evidence shows they really happened, and the assumptions do no injustice to the Nazi cause or Nazi methods.

This isn't really surprising, seeing that the script is based on the book by Leon G. Turrou, the G-man who helped to expose the conspiracy. Mr. Turrou was called in when the British Military Intelligence discovered that a Scotswoman was acting as a post office for Nazi agents all over the world. Investigation of the lady's mail, you will remember, was started by an observant postman's curiosity.

"There lived at No. 1, Kinloch Street, Dundee, a middle-aged hairdresser named Mrs. Jessie Jordan," says Mr. Turrou, who came to London for the premiere of the film. "As far as anyone knew, the only relatives she had were in England and in Germany. Yet the postman noticed that she received a great number of letters from the United States, France, Holland, Canada and South America. He began to wonder. He communicated his wonderment to his superiors. They, in turn, notified M.I.5.

"La Femme du Boulanger" is a village epic directed by Marcel Pagnol with all the French flair for authentic detail, satiric touches and broad humour. Raimu is the boulanger, Ginette Leclerc his boulangère (in bed, right), and her flight with a handsome shepherd makes the story by its reactions on the Provençal village community. Above, the Curé and the Marquis deal with the forsaken husband, who has sought consolation in the cup. At the Berkeley

" Shrewd, bespectacled Colonel Hinchley Cooke, chief of the counter-espionage division of the British War Office, took up the trail. The British officials have a decided advantage over their American counterparts in cases of this sort. Under a rarely invoked law their intelligence agents may secretly open the mail of citizens and examine it, if the national defence is threatened. Colonel Cooke soon learned enough to warrant this drastic step. He found Mrs. Jordan had been married to a German killed in action with the German army in the world war. He found she made frequent, mysterious trips to Germany and went to the offices of high Nazi officials there. He found that she had been seen loitering round British fortifications, sketching. He issued the orders to examine her mail. And he discovered that the innocent-appearing address, No. 1, Kinloch Street, Dundee, was a mail relay station for a vast, international Nazi spy ring."

The first cabled warning to the United States War Department " pointed to a conspiracy so vast, so melodramatic, and so fantastic," says Mr. Turrou," " that the General Staff at first felt it must be a hoax." They soon learnt their mistake. Clues were slender and hard to follow, but at last the G-men (called in because the American counter-espionage department consisted of only one man and two assistants) ran down a Nazi agent and extracted a confession. The man was clever, but inordinately vain. By treating him as a master-spy and marvelling at the ingenuity of his plan for kidnapping a high officer and stealing his plans, they induced the flattered egotist to talk. He implicated others—even the beautiful young blonde of melodrama—and one by one the agents were unmasked. Some of them, leaders of the Nazi movement in the United States, escaped to Germany. Others, who might have talked, were lured on board German vessels and shipped off to Germany, and have never been heard of since.

The story is told coolly and convincingly, with open references to Herr Hitler, with an actor made up to look like Dr. Goebbels, and another, very rotund, representing Field-Marshal Goering. There is no hysteria; the details of the plot, to obtain plans of ships, guns and 'planes by kidnapping and, if necessary, murder, were all established at the trial, and the acting is exactly right. Edward G. Robinson plays the G-man with nice restraint and a touch of sardonic humour. Paul Lukas (actually Hungarian) is the German doctor who has to pay for betraying his fellows; Francis Lederer (Czech) is the egomaniac, and Lya Lys, making her first appearance on the American screen, is lovely enough to make the blonde spy's powers of political and personal seduction entirely credible.

THE best of the other films is *Christine*, which is simply *Carnet de Bal* with English dialogue. The job of " dubbing " has been skilfully done, and Julien Duvivier's masterpiece, or near masterpiece, may now appeal to a wider public. *Peter the Great* is Russian and noisy, with some effective moments; *Invitation to Happiness*, with Irene Dunne and Fred MacMurray, is a sentimental confection about the lady and the boxer who gets his first shot at the world heavyweight title when he has a ten-year-old son; and *Trouble Brewing* is just another George Formby, which means that though you and I may pass by on the other side it will probably take £150,000 at the box-office. Very funny. Life, I mean, not *Trouble Brewing*.

"Beethoven" is the first important film to deal with the life of the composer, and luckily for the perspicacious minority of film-goers it was Abel Gance, rather than de Mille or Korda, who had the idea of making it. The film treats with integrity the life of Beethoven between 1801 and 1827. The composer is strongly played by Harry Baur. At the Curzon

Catherine Bell

Miss Adelaide Sotham

A debutante from Wiltshire is Adelaide Sotham, only daughter of Major and Mrs. Ernest Sotham, of Clouds Garden House, East Knoyle, Salisbury, and a kinswoman of the Earl of Shrewsbury. Her dance took place last Thursday, 22nd, at 14, The Boltons, S.W.10, given by her mother and Mrs. Maurice FitzGerald

Diana Ritchie, who is being presented in July by Lady Cooper, is the daughter of the late Major Blyth Ritchie, 15th Hussars, and Mrs. Ritchie, of Lea Court, Malmesbury, Wilts.

Lenare

Miss Diana Ritchie

Lafayette

Miss Edith Darley

Edith Darley is the daughter of the late Francis Darley, of Ranley Hall, Retford, Nottinghamshire, and of Mrs. William Barber. Her mother gave a small dance for her on Monday of Ascot Week (12th) at Claridge's. She has not yet been to Court

Rosamund Le Hunte Cooper is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Le Hunte Cooper, of 121, Harley Street, W.1, and was presented at the third Court in March by her mother. She is a great-great-grand-niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and is herself a student at the Heatherley Art School

Anthony

Miss Rosamund Le Hunte Cooper

Kay Vaughan

Miss Jean Ogilvie

Another West Country debutante is Jean Ogilvie, whose home is Gidleigh Park, Chagford, Devon. She is being presented in July by her mother, Mrs. C. Ogilvie. She hunts with the Mid-Devon and also has a taste for art, and herself studies painting

A Scottish debutante is Enid Thomson, daughter of Major and Mrs. Albert Thomson, of Nenthorn, Kelso, Roxburghshire. She came to London to be presented at a March Court, and her mother gave a dance for her at Venice Yard House, Smith Square, S.W.1, last Friday, 23rd

Lenare

Miss Enid Thomson

Debutantes of 1939

Pearl Freeman

Miss Rozelle Lloyd Howard

Rozelle Lloyd Howard's name was in the June deb dance list, her mother having entertained for her and Pamela de Villeneuve Graham at the Hyde Park Hotel on June 1st. She is the eldest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Hugh Lloyd Howard, of 56, Montagu Square, W.1, and was presented by Mrs. Lloyd Howard at the third Court in March

Lenare

Miss Lucille Fagalde

A French debutante doing the season is Lucille Fagalde, the daughter of General Alfred Fagalde, formerly Military Attaché at the French Embassy, and now commanding the 16th Division of the French Army. Mrs. R. W. Van Rensselaer gave a dance for her at Hurlingham on Monday last week and is presenting her at a July Court

Pearl Freeman

Miss Betty Shead

Betty Shead is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Shead, of Kingston Hill Place, Surrey. Her mother presented her at the first Court, and is giving a dance for her on July 6th at Kingston

Pearl Freeman

Miss Joan Wakefield

Joan Wakefield is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wakefield, of 1, Avenue Road, N.W.8. She went to a March Court, and her mother and Mrs. George Crowther are giving a dance for her and Margot Crowther on July 12th. Her father, the great England Rugger player, has been M.P. for Swindon since 1935, and does a large amount of work in connection with physical training organisations

Harlip

Miss Hester Loyd

A debutante from Berkshire is Hester Loyd, daughter of Arthur Thomas Loyd, Lord Lieutenant of that county, and Mrs. Loyd, of Lockinge House, Wantage. Mrs. Loyd presented her in March. Her father is also chairman of the Berks County Council, and Warden of Bradfield College

The Theatre

Unpopular lovely: Lilian Proust (Enid Stamp-Taylor)

"To Kill a Cat" (Aldwych)

IF you are born to be a tyrant, it is notoriously safer to tyrannise over a nation than over a suburban household. Tyrants of the great world give plenty of people motives for bumping them off, but so well do they know this and so suspicious does the knowledge make them that in practice they stand just as good a chance as you or I of dying in their beds. Most domestic tyrants are like Mrs. Proust. She hands out motives to every member of her large household without a thought of danger. The odds against such a woman dying in her bed are strong. All the same, it is by no means safe to lay your bet even five minutes before the curtain falls on *To Kill a Cat* at the Aldwych. In Roland Pertwee and Harold Dearden you are up against a couple of dramatists whose ingenuity is given whip by a touch of irresponsibility. Any cat of theirs is apt to have ten lives or at least a tail that even in death is responsive to one more unexpected twist.

Considering how various are the dangers in which Lilian Proust stands at the opening of the last act, I don't wonder that I lost the bet I made with myself. She is a rich woman whose possessiveness takes the form of making everyone about her unhappily dependent. If she dies, the spying maidservant will escape shame and inherit a competency. Her husband, a stockbroker in danger of default, will save his name in the City and be free to marry Lilian's secretary. The secretary will get her heart's desire and no longer have to suffer for being a gaol-bird's daughter. The career of a brilliant young doctor will be freed from interference. An old doctor gone to seed will be rid of his evil genius. A resolute young woman will regain her lover. The cyanide of potassium, intended by Lilian for a cat whose independent ways annoy her, stands ready near the milk waiting to be carried to her bedside. And since the cheerful blackmailer will lose money by this woman's death, he automatically becomes a warm favourite in the murder stakes.

Now it can't be pretended that a play which arranges so many motives so neatly can in its early phases move in a strikingly life-like way. No, it moves like clockwork; but not without humour of a seductively spiteful sort and with many neatly impudent turns and twists. And the last act, which comes down to the question of how Lilian comes to die, is an exciting piece of mechanism which does succeed in its purpose of achieving the unexpected. Enid Stamp-Taylor presents a woman skilfully made for unregretted death; J. H. Roberts works a delightful study of elderly disillusion into the plot; and Clifford Mollison gives to certain passages the lilt and swing of good musical comedy.

"BRIDGE OF SIGHS," a costume piece by A. de Grunwald, makes a feeble show with an excellent story. It is a story of how Catherine of Russia, believing the girl Tarakanova to be a conspirator, arranges for her to be lured into Russia by the agency of Alexis Orloff. The agent, a sort of naval Don Juan, falls in love with his dupe, and it all ends very tragically.

Miss Gayane Mickeladze, though she has charming moments, is too little experienced to carry so guilelessly written a leading part safely, and the best of the evening is Reginald Tate's study of the dashing romantic who breaks his heart upon reality.

A. V. C.

Sketches by Rouson

Crowds of suspects—all with a motive: Whitton (John Salew); Dr. Raikes (J. H. Roberts); Fenwick (Marjory Clark); Lessop Crawley (Clifford Mollison); Mark Proust (John Longden); Ruth Henley (Margaretta Scott)

Women in Uniform

2. The National Women's Air Reserve

About eighteen months ago the secretary of the Romford Flying Club, Captain Raymond Gordon, decided to put in hand a scheme for creating a corps of women fully trained in all branches of flying, to supply what would be an urgent war-time need. As head of such a corps he wanted a woman with wide experience, first-rate technical knowledge, and the personality of a born leader. That is Mrs. Gabrielle Patterson, and he and she together founded the National Women's Air Reserve, with seventeen members, in February 1938. To-day it is 250 strong, and Mrs. Patterson, in response to letters from all over England, is shortly to make an air tour of the country, with a view to establishing local branches. There is also a scheme on hand to raise money for scholarships for Assistant Instructors' Standard. Training for this costs £250 per scholar, far more than the average working-girl member can afford. To help this scholarship fund a ball is being held on July 7th at the Hyde Park Hotel, with Lady Londonderry as president, and a film and stage star cabaret organised by two N.W.A.R. members, Miss Johanne Cloherty and Miss McGregor-Smith (see next pages)

***Mrs. Gabrielle Patterson** is the founder and chief instructor of the N.W.A.R., by whom she is known as "Mrs. Pat." Eldest daughter of scientist-author Dr. Malcolm Burr, she was for two years pilot to a well-known oil company, the first woman chief instructor to an aero club (the South Staffs), and recently appointed to the panel of examiners of the Guild of Air Pilots*

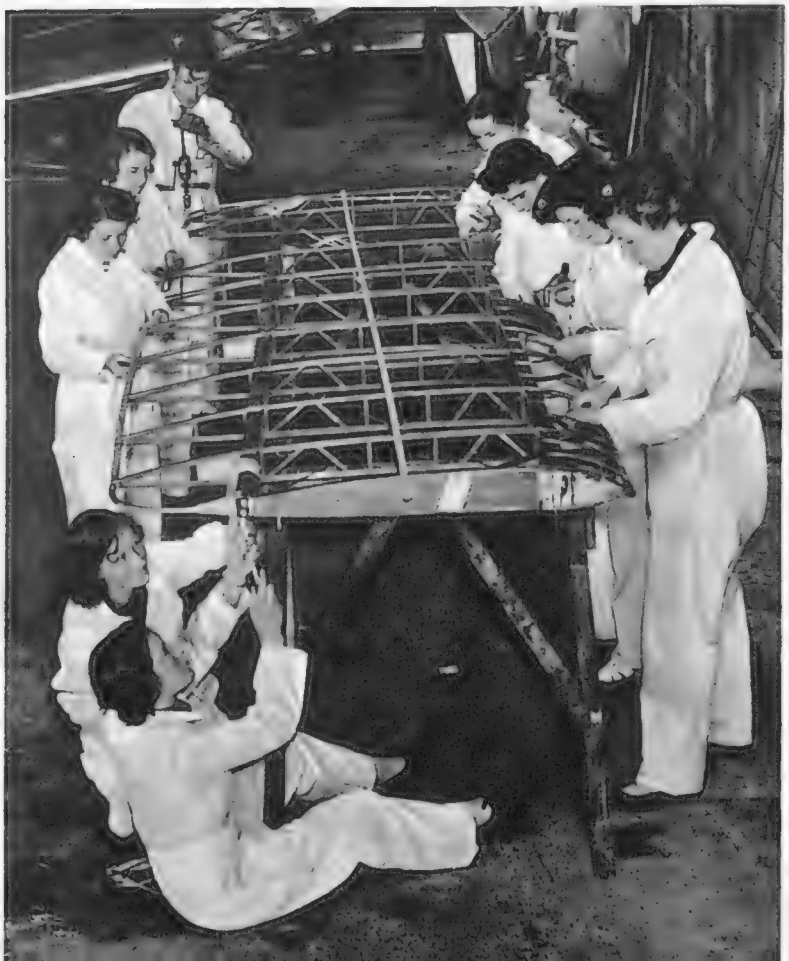
***Arthur Patterson,** "Mrs. Pat's" husband, and himself a distinguished aeronautical engineer, takes some of the weekly classes at Romford. Here he is giving instruction on rigging. The Pattersons have a seven-year-old son, Ian, who naturally has decided to be an air-pilot when he grows up*

Women in Uniform

2. The National Women's Air Reserve (continued)

Second in our series of pictures dealing with the activities of women in the National Service scheme comes the "Bystander's" visit to N.W.A.R. headquarters at the Romford Flying Club

The colours, *dark and light blue, of the N.W.A.R. were dedicated at the National Service Rally on May 6th. The uniform is white drill dungarees, with cap, scarf, gloves and shoes of navy blue. The standard-bearer is Lilian Darker, the two behind her are members Hall and Jennings, the officer in command of the escort (left) is Johanne Cloherty*



Machine-addict *Marjorie Gilbert is a lady's companion all week, an engineer and airwoman on her Sundays off*

Wing construction *is taught by a Romford Flying Club engineer. In his class are members Bethune (screw-driving, at left), one of the most promising pupil-pilots, who does a whole-time voluntary job as mechanic; Sandland (behind Bethune), and Lee (right), a company secretary all week, and an original member of the N.W.A.R.*

Social life *after work centres round the bar. Lined up here are (not counting the men) Johanne Cloherty, McGregor-Smith, who works at the Air Ministry, Lyall, a free-lance journalist and N.W.A.R. press officer, Lilian Darker, Marjorie Slade, and Mrs. Patterson, founder and leader*

Lifting *the Moth's tail are Lilian Darker, the only woman Fellow of the Chartered Insurance Institute, Jean Weeks, second in command, and the second "A" licence pilot of the N.W.A.R. to qualify, Joan Jennings and Marjorie Gilbert*

Sunday School for the N.W.A.R. at the Romford Flying Club includes training for the Air Ministry's ground-engineer's and wireless operator's licences, both of which have hitherto been granted almost exclusively to men. With an hour's class a week and an examination every six months, it takes about two years' hard work to prepare for the Air Ministry's final examination. A proud possession of the N.W.A.R. is the aeroplane in which Jean Batten made one of her record flights, to Australia and back. It was bought with money subscribed by members

Ground engineering *is important, as members who get their G.E. licence are qualified for permanent duty at all leading aerodromes. Class list here—Goulding, Quartermaine, Edison, Jennings, Fuller-Hall, a recruit, Cotton, Gilbert, Mantle, Darker*

Johanne Cloherty *was made to pose on Jean Batten's 'plane, realised too late she had her high-heeled shoes on and not the regulation navy-blue brogues. She joined the N.W.A.R. last September, a week after she first heard of it, is one of its keenest, most hard-working members, and also its public relations officer*

Big Boats

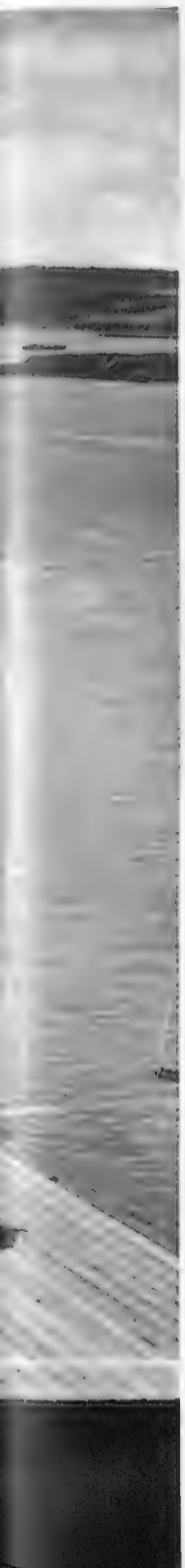
In a shrinking world, the romance of far travel still remains

Many voices are raised nowadays to question whether Britain rules the waves (even whether Britons never shall be slaves). Sir James Jeans (p. 516) tells us metaphorically that the world is shrinking like a snowball in the sun. Yet in this country the urge is still strong to fling more and better dotted lines of transport across the red-splashed map of the world, even to the Antipodes, whence the windjammers' four-month race still survives (the flying-boat could do it in a week). Therefore the Golden Hind, largest flying-boat ever built in this country, seems not ill-named after Drake's tiny pioneer of the oceans now ploughed by Mauretania or skipped by Clipper

The Golden Hind *is the first of three 31½-ton flying-boats ordered by Imperials for the London-New York service, will ply the shor' North Atlantic route, Foynes-Newfoundland*

Before her launch, *the Hind looks disdainfully upon the waters of the Medway at Rochester. She is from the same yard—that of Short Bros.—as the ill-fated Connemara*

Quite out of the picture *when it comes to shrinking the world, the grain windjammer Viking yet has advantages over and above her romantic appeal: she can load a cargo a hundredth of which would cripple the Golden Hind, she sails before God's wind, has no heavy fuel bill like the Mauretania. The Viking is a barque (three or more masts, square-rigged on all save the aftermost), steel-hulled, Danish built, thirty-two years old, registered in Finland, a sister-ship to the late Herzögin Cëcilie, whose mouldering hull lies abandoned at Starehole*



The Viking *beats up the Channel past the Lizard to Falmouth after four months at sea since leaving Port Victoria on February 16th*

The Mauretania, *34,000-ton second holder of the name, had a good public when she left Liverpool on her maiden voyage to New York by way of Cork. The boat, largest commercial vessel to be built south of the Tweed, had an equally enthusiastic welcome on the other side, Mayor La Guardia talking broadcast to Sir Percy Bates, Cunard-White Star chief, who sailed with his wife. (Lady Bates launched the Mauretania in February.) Also on board were forty members of the Junior Car Club, rally-bound*

Cheshire Family

Sir John and Lady Barlow at Bradwall Manor, Sandbach

John and Jennifer like the chickens on their parents' farm, and the young pullets are rather sympathetic to John and Jennifer when they bring a handful of corn with them

Sir John Barlow brought back from Borneo some native weapons decorated with the hair of their victims

Photographs by Swaebe

Tai-Young and her foal are on the family morning visiting list. The Barlows have a stableful of hunters and polo ponies, and are also interested in breeding

Sir John and Lady Barlow, Jennifer, John, and the twins, George and Mark

Sir John and Lady Barlow and their four attractive children live at Bradwall Manor, a pleasant Cheshire house with good views of the country around Sandbach. They were married in 1928, their daughter Jennifer was born in 1932, John, the heir, was five last birthday, and the twins at seventeen months are an energetic pair of crawlers. Lady Barlow is Lord Rochdale's daughter and a niece of the Earl of Ellesmere. Sir John Barlow is the second baronet, succeeded his father in 1932, is a partner in the family business in Manchester, London and Singapore, a director of the Union Bank of Manchester and chairman of three rubber companies. He is lately home from a business trip to Borneo, and brought back among other curios and native weapons one of the deadly blow-spears. With a mere puff Sir John himself can put an arrow through a newspaper at twenty yards. He plays polo with the South Staffordshire Club in the summer, and he and his wife hunt in the winter

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Professor Sir James Jeans, O.M.

This learned knight is well photographed with a small globe beside him for, although it is 3000 years since Pythagoras taught that the earth circled the sun and 300 since Galileo proved it and upset the stellar heavens to boot, Jeans is the man who has brought home to the most of his fellows their insignificance in the system. The first writer of a scientific best-seller (*The Mysterious Universe*, 1930, 123,000 copies) was running true to type by publicising his learned subject, for James Hopwood Jeans comes of a family of journalists which includes W. T. Jeans (his father), Sir Alexander Jeans of the *Liverpool Post*, and Herbert Jeans of Reuter's. James, born in 1877, went to Merchant Taylors' and Trinity, Cambridge, got a fellowship in 1901, a lectureship in mathematics in 1904, a professorship of applied mathematics at Princeton in 1905. From then on the youthful professor's name was well on the way to household word-dom in both hemispheres. He became secretary of the Royal Society for ten years in 1919 and president of the Royal Astronomical Society for two in 1925; he is now professor of astronomy in the Royal Institution. The knighthood came in 1928, the Order of Merit is this new year's honours. Sir James Jeans has a daughter by his first (American) wife, a son by the present Lady Jeans, who was Susi Hock, of Vienna, before their marriage in 1935

"Bystander" Short Story

Neck's Appeal

By Walter Brooks

Illustration by Clark Fay

Once there was a young man named Anthony Flint, who had a small income and no ambition, and so he was as happy as the day is long, except every other Friday when he went to get his hair cut. That always gave him a bad day, because the barber would hold up a mirror and he saw the back of his head. As he got older his neck filled out and didn't look so sort of tender and innocent, but in company he was always a little shy.

Well, Mr. Flint liked to travel, and he wandered hither and yon over the face of the earth in third-class carriages and had a nice life. One day he was swimming out beyond the breakers at St. Jean de something or other, and he heard a cry and saw an arm wave, and he rushed to the spot and towed in a stout gentleman with a cramp. Th stout gentleman turned out to be Mr. Van Sickert Wayne, of New York, Newport, and Palm Beach, and his gratitude took the form of an invitation to visit him in Palm Beach.

Now Mr. Flint had no intention of accepting the invitation, but when he got home in January and it was cold and there was another invitation from Mr. Wayne waiting for him, he said, "Oh, what the hell!" and went.

The Waynes' house was pretty full. There was a son, Torquil, and a married daughter, Señora Jane Pardo, whose husband was with Franco. There were the Creevy Jenkinsons and their slim and beautiful daughter, Nita. There was the Hon. Joan Squeers and half-a-dozen other guests whose names Mr. Flint never learned. It was plain at once that in Palm Beach Mr. Van Sickert Wayne was a different man. He was polite to Mr. Flint, but vague, and after the first day he seemed to have forgotten who he was. Mrs. Wayne and the guests seemed never to have known who he was in the first place. At first this amused Mr. Flint, and, as they were all nominally having a good time, and as there was magnificent food and liquor, and beautifully dressed women to dance with, and even more beautifully undressed ones to sit on the sand with, he had a pleasant time. The excess of luxury was oppressive. But Mr. Flint felt that it was all very instructive.

The pace was swift. They darted from one house or club to another, only coming home to sleep, change, or entertain, as they called it, in their turn. The women changed costumes with such frequency that Mr. Flint couldn't keep track of them. One day, when Nita Jenkinson has changed her costume three times in an hour, she came into the library where Mr. Flint was sitting alone.

"Hello!" he said. "You can't fool me. You 're Miss Jenkinson."

She looked at him blankly. "Oh, yes," she said, "quite," and half-turned to go. Then she stopped and raised one thin eyebrow. She looked all at once quite human, though still beautiful. "You 're Mr. . . . Oh, wait a minute—it will come to me."

"Never mind," said Mr. Flint, "it doesn't matter. I 'm not sure myself any more."

"No," she said. And, after a second: "You 're wasting your time, you know."

"Thanks for the tip," said Mr. Flint.

She frowned slightly and said: "Are you a writer?"

"I shouldn't be here if I were," said Mr. Flint. "Writers are supposed to study human conduct, aren't they?"

"Do you know what you 're talking about?" asked Miss Jenkinson.

"Obviously not," said Mr. Flint. "A game played neither for tangible stakes nor for fun doesn't make sense to me."

Miss Jenkinson frowned more deeply and she said: "What do you know about the stakes? I think you 're being impertinent." And the blank mannequin look came over her face and she went away.

This was on the fourth day, and Mr. Flint had been about to send himself a telegram recalling him to New York; for he had seen how the rich lived, and he wanted to get back to civilisation. But Miss Jenkinson interested him, so he stayed, although he had begun to feel almost disembodied, like a ghost who is reduced to clanking chains and howling to get some assurance that he still exists.

Next evening there was a big party at one of the clubs. It was all very elegant and romantic and charming if you didn't listen to the conversation. But that is true of almost anything beautiful. Anyway, just after the fish, Mr. Flint was about to dance with Miss Jenkinson when he was elbowed aside, and a stocky young man said, "Pardon, I 'm dancing this with Nita."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Flint politely, and he seized the young man by the arm and looked expectantly at Miss Jenkinson. But she said: "Of course, Lathrop," and put her hand in the young man's and they ambled off.

So Mr. Flint asked Mrs. Wayne who the young man was, and she told him he was Lathrop Widecomb. She spoke the name as if it left a rich sweetness on her tongue, and Mr. Flint judged that the Widecombs must be something pretty choice. So he went and tapped Mr. Widecomb on the shoulder.

"Get out, swine," said Mr. Widecomb, and went on dancing.

So the next time he came round Mr. Flint tapped him, and Mr. Widecomb swore at him, and Mr. Flint seized him with finger and thumb just back of the ears and pressed hard. Mr. Widecomb yipped and dropped Miss Jenkinson, and swung around with his fist drawn back. But Mr. Flint and Miss Jenkinson had danced away.

Well, everybody had seen it, and a

(Concluded on page 518.)

mumbling went on among the tables, and two gentlemen were holding Mr. Widecomb, though he was not struggling very hard. Pretty soon someone else cut in, and Mr. Flint returned to his table through a horrified hush.

After dinner Mr. Wayne took him aside and said : " My dear Mr.—ah——"

" Flint," said Mr. Flint.

" Of course," said Mr. Wayne. " Well, Mr. Flint, it is extremely embarrassing to me to say this, but in view of the unfortunate occurrence during dinner——"

" Let me save you the embarrassment," said Mr. Flint, " by telling you that I have decided that I must go to New York to-morrow."

" My dear—ah—Mr. Flint," said Mr. Wayne, smiling broadly. " Must you really ? "

Later, when they trooped out of the club there was a flicker of flashlights, and one inexperienced news photographer asked Mr. Flint for his name. And a devil entered into Mr. Flint, and he drew himself up and said in a loud voice : " I am Baron Kurt von Schlumpenegg."

A lot of people looked round, as they will if you drop a coin in the street, and a reporter crowded up and said, " Pardon me, Baron, but we 'd like a little personal dope for our readers, and how do you like Palm Beach ? " And another reporter said : " How do you spell that name, Baron ? "

So Mr. Flint spelt it with a strong German accent, and added something fulsome about Palm Beach. " Und, ah ! " he said. " Your vimmen ! " And kissed the tips of his fingers. And then he said that the house of Schlumpenegg was the oldest house in Europe.

" I thought the Wittelsbachs were the oldest," said someone.

" To de Schlumpeneggs," said Mr. Flint, " de Wittelsbachs haf not yet exist."

Well, the next morning he began to get his things together, and there was a tap at the door, and Mr. Wayne came in with a warm, " Good morning, Baron."

" Baron ? " said Mr. Flint. " Oh, yes. I hope you didn't mind that nonsense."

" My dear fellow ! " said Mr. Wayne. " I just came up to say that it is impossible for you to leave now. It 's not ten, and there are already three dinner invitations, and now the society editors are calling for details about you."

" But, good lord ! " said Mr. Flint. " I can't get away with it ! "

" You can't get away without it," said Mr. Wayne.

So Mr. Flint allowed himself to be coaxed to stay three more days, and when he went down to lunch he found himself at his hostess's right. And, although he spoke only in guttural monosyllables, whereas before he had made an attempt to be entertaining, he felt that now each word was stored as a precious jewel in the minds of those deferential and attentive listeners. As the day went on he marvelled that no one seemed to think his change of name strange, or to remark his loss of the English language. No one, that is, except Miss Jenkinson, who smiled at him several times with astonishing sweetness when he incautiously slipped into American. He wondered about her. She must be part ghost, too. Otherwise she wouldn't be able to remember and connect him with the immaterial Mr. Flint.

So Mr. Flint began to enjoy himself. He was at ease, too, about the back of his head. Somehow it felt quite correct rising from the collar of a German baron. And he began to experiment. He became ill-mannered, insolent, and even vulgar. Miss Jenkinson watched it all and continued to smile at him that curiously intimate smile.

The next afternoon he was sitting on the sand before a little cabana with Miss Jenkinson, whose costume afforded only the most intimate protection from the elements. " It please me dis costume," he said. " It show you are off de sun not afraid, nor off yourselfs."

" Listen," said Miss Jenkinson. " I wish you wouldn't talk that baby stuff to me. I 'm grown up. Besides, your construction is wrong : it 's neither English nor German."

" I haf not speak off your construction yet," said Mr. Flint.

" Oh, stop it, will you ? " she exclaimed angrily.

" Aber gnädiges, Fraülein," he began, and stopped, for he saw Mrs. Whitney Buttock bearing down on them. Mrs. Buttock was a dowager whose family tree had started from a seed sown at random by an itinerant tinker. But in its branches hung many noble escutcheons.

Mr. Flint looked round. " Ach, go avay ! Ve don't vant to listen to you," he said irritably.

Mrs. Buttock smiled. " Ach, the dear Baron," she said, tapping him affectionately on the shoulder. " So original ! " But she passed on.

" You 've got them all saying *Ach*," said Miss Jenkinson. " But you can drop your hog Latin when you talk to me."

" I don't vant—I mean, I don't want to drop it. It ennobles me. Why do you object ? "

" Because it—it 's beneath you ! " she exclaimed, and blushed furiously.

Mr. Flint's heart began to knock like an overheated engine, and he said " Oh " in a hushed voice. But a shadow fell between them, and he looked up to see Mr. Widecomb sneering dramatically.

" Ha ! " said Mr. Flint with a loud laugh. " He has the face all dirt. Wie komish ! "

" I don't see any dirt on his face," said Miss Jenkinson.

Mr. Flint got up and attentively examined the face, on which the sneer grew slightly brittle. " Ach, so ! It is de nose vich I tink is dirt spot. Schade. Nutting to do in dat case." And he sat down.

But Mr. Widecomb grabbed him and pulled him out of his chair. He was plainly preparing to go into what Mrs. Widecomb called " one of dear Lathrop's little tantrums." And the strip of beach, with its attendant cabanas, suddenly gave the appearance of being closed for the season. Only Miss Jenkinson remained.

From long practice Mr. Widecomb had gained proficiency in the lower registers of invective. Mr. Flint was amused, then angered. " Hey, can't we postpone this ? " he said. " Surely, Miss Jenkinson isn't interested in your opinion of me."

" Oh, so you understand English! " said the other, and added an epithet which even Mr. Flint thought excessive. He made a snatch at the young man, there was a slight flurry of sand, and Mr. Widecomb hit the ground so hard that he bounced.

" I suppose I ought to thank you," said Miss Jenkinson."

" They told me he was a chartered libertine," said Mr. Flint, " but his charter has expired. . . . But what has he got it in for me so for ? "

People were emerging from their cabanas, chatting as if nothing had happened. They smiled at Mr. Flint. Two men in livery bore Mr. Widecomb away. " Why —why, he liked me," said Miss Jenkinson. " You told me," she went on, " that a game played for no tangible stakes didn't make sense. I asked you what you knew about the stakes. Lathrop is a very rich young man."

" I see," said Mr. Flint, after a minute. " And—you won't throw up the game—now ? "

" No. I agreed to play. I must abide by the rules and finish out the hand."

Mr. Flint was pretty low. But when he came down into the big hall that evening Miss Jenkinson came over to him. He was surprised to see that she hadn't changed. " Listen," she said. " You 've got to get out of here. Lathrop has sicked the police on you."

Mr. Flint laughed. " What charge, for heaven's sake ? "

" Assault, impersonation—how should I know ? I 'm not kidding. He has influence. It won't be good for you."

Mr. Flint didn't think it would be very good, either. " Well, there 's a train——"

" You can't go by train. He 'll have men at the station. Listen. Pack your bag and chuck it out the window. Come down and walk straight out past the tennis court. I 'll have my car there."

It is pleasant to report that Mr. Flint had the sense to do as he was told. But halfway through West Palm Beach he asked her where she was taking him.

" New York," she said.

" Yes," said Mr. Flint. " But where can I get a train ? "

" Wherever you like. Only I 'm driving to New York, if you want to go along."

" You mean," said Mr. Flint, " you 're quitting ? "

" When people cheat, I usually quit the game." she said. " Lathrop cheated."

Ten miles later he said : " How long does it take to drive to New York ? "

" I don't know. Three or four days."

" What 's the rush, then ? Can't we draw up for a minute and talk ? "

So she stopped the car. " Well ? " she said.

" Well, look," said Mr. Flint lamely. " Did you—I mean, don't you know I 'm in love with you ? "

" I thought you might be, "she said. " Several people have been, you know."

" Well, but I—I mean I am, you know," he stammered. And he was all at once again aware of the back of his head, looming up, so odd, so helpless, and so exposed.

" That 's awfully nice," said Miss Jenkinson composedly. " It makes marriage so much pleasanter."

" Nita ! " he exclaimed. " You mean you—you 'd marry me ? "

She put her head on his shoulder. " Of course," she said. " Do you think I 'd drive you all the way to New York for nothing ? Besides, father would simply give me hell if I didn't. He 's pretty strict."

An hour later, as Miss Jenkinson touched the starter-button, Mr. Flint said : " Tell me, Nita. What was there about me—I mean, to the others I was just a ghost. I want to know what it was that made me seem—just to you—human. Because it must be something special, important——"

" Well," she said, " I don't know, darling. But I think that the first thing that made me really love you—well, you know, there was something awfully sweet and appealing about the back of your head."

THE END.

"Old Bill" Sees the World: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Would yer mind runnin' through that landin' of Marines again, General Kascara? I was out of focus last time"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Government We Deserve . . .

By V. S. Pritchett

It is important that those who sigh for a return to the security of another century should remember to sigh to be born into the right class. Among the mid-Victorians this was still the aristocracy. Of course, assuming you escaped being one of the rachitic, tubercular, undeserving poor of the 'fifties, it was good to be any kind of Victorian, for they all had the one precious thing which has been lost entirely in the last decade—a sense of continuity. That has gone. Ourselves cannot be sure that a whole civilisation is not going to be cut short in us.

Hence the growing fascination of books like *The Stanleys of Alderley* (Chapman and Hall; 18*s.*), a collection of letters written between 1851 and 1865, which Miss Nancy Mitford has edited as a sequel to *The Ladies of Alderley*. One is back in a secure society, one can enjoy once more that great pleasure which secure societies alone can provide: the amusement and instruction of human character displayed—as the Victorian novelists also displayed it—for its own sake. Men and women died, but society and Society went on. And the assumption was not merely Victorian; it has been the assumption of all Western Europe since the sixteenth century. Only old Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley, the free-spoken eighteenth-century figure whose letters gave the bite and tang to the earlier volume, had (in the uncanny, unconsciously prophetic way of the very old) an inkling of our thoughts. She is writing of the Crimean War, wondering if we are going to fight Europe single-handed, noting that *The Times* is firm, but the *Chronicle* is croaking—the boot is on the other foot nowadays—and she says: "How much more comfortable it was, *last* war, when events were more slowly communicated — the *Electric* telegraph is I think a great nuisance keeping one in a constant ferment of apprehension and doubt what to believe."

She is a background figure. The chief correspondents are Hen, the daughter-in-law and future founder of Girton, and Hen's husband, Edward, the second lord. They ran to secret radicalism, even socialism, and were a sharp-tongued lot. The females emerged from the soft domestic fret to become tartars in their old age. The worst was the uncomfortable Blanche, whose courtship by the deafish, horse-racing Lord Airlie makes the comedy of the early letters. ("The country," writes Maria Josepha, "is a much better locale for a proposal than any place in London.") The deaf Earl was paralysed by shyness and the strain of longing for Goodwood; and what with Blanche treating him as a half-wit, which he was not, and dreading, after she had accepted him, that he would do "something dreadful"—*i.e.*, kiss her and call her by her Christian name—her parents were relieved when they had got her married. The Watts portrait of her makes her look at once sickly, formidable and arty—she went in for clever men in a yearning, romantic way, which upset Jane Welsh Carlyle—but she ended, true to form, as the Stanley tartar. In 1914 her grandson came to say goodbye to her. "Dit," she said, "is the head of the family and cannot be spared; Pat has a good brain; he must not be killed; but you, Bruce—cannon fodder."

"The Lass that Loved a Sailor"

This plate of Helen Roberts as Josephine in "H.M.S. Pinafore" is reproduced from a new illustrated record of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas published by "The Sphere" at 3s. 6d. Containing forty-five pages of pictures in photogravure and colour of members of the D'Oyly Carte company in their parts, this record appears apropos during the company's season at Sadler's Wells

The brothers and sisters do not seem to have liked one another much. Algernon became a sceptical Roman Catholic bishop, because brother Henry, who wandered about the East in Turkish dress and became Mohammedan, refused him the family living. Algernon got his own back at Henry's funeral. "Lived like a dog, buried like a dog," he said; and when his nephew took off his hat as the body was lowered feet downwards into the unblessed beechwood at Alderley, hissed: "Not your hat, you fool, your boots." Johnny was the normal one, the perpetual and bloody-minded schoolboy. He had a taste for horrors. Clearing up after Balaclava or some Crimean battlefield, he gets a jubilant kick out of finding three unmatched human hands left over. Johnny is the family killer of "the fox likes it" school, and was inclined cheerfully to think the niggers liked it, too. It is almost touching to see the whole tribe acting so perfectly in character; and Miss Mitford's suave and withering introduction shows the Stanley tradition has not changed.

Mr. George Orwell's novel, *Coming up for Air* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), gives one a knock on the head and wakes one up from all this. One of the most gifted and readable of the younger generation of novelists, he has perfected a taste for the raw-edged comedy of the seamy and seedy. Here is Mr. Bowling, ten-pound-a-week suburban insurance tout, temporary war-time gentleman, with no flies on him, worried about the bombers flying over his villa, remembering his childhood and youth from 1890 to 1914, and asking himself, in Wells-ish fashion, what 's going to happen. This novel is a cruel and festive attack on suburban gentility, not the *trahison des clercs*, but the misery of the clerks who are now being urged on all sides to dress their children in gas-masks and fill their hearts with hatred. Bowling is the average fat man, and on one side he finds the representatives of progress are all for smashing-in someone's face; and on the other the representatives of culture are standing spiritually dead in their shoes.

The suburb is a building society's racket, marriage a contract to pay gas bills. "For hours, sometimes on Sunday afternoons, or in the evening when I 've come home from work, I 've lain in my bed with all my clothes on except my shoes, wondering about women. Why they are like that, how they get like that, whether they 're doing it on purpose," and:

"Why did you marry her, you say?" says Bowling, and he comes back hard at once: "But why did you marry yours?" And opens an abyss.

This is all one-sided, of course, but it 's brilliant comic, sentimental propaganda, the music-hall knockabout of "At Trinity Church I met my doom" politically revised.

Guy Nickalls was a great oarsman and essentially a vehement man of sport and action, with all the attraction and defects of the type. He belonged to a generation which was brought up hard. Happy, and excelling in the field, in hunting, shooting, rowing and war, he was one of those likeable men who disagree violently and dogmatically and fill their families with apprehension. A champion oar and a champion brick-dropper. His zest recalls that of the Alderley Johnny. During the war, at Sandwich, he wanted to shoot at some mutineers who refused to work in the snow and who sang the "Red Flag" at him! Certainly he meant no harm; on the other hand, he pretty certainly did not know what it was all about. From boyhood he had had "slackness" knocked out of him. His autobiography, *Life's a Pudding* (Faber; 15*s.*), is an engaging document, and his son has added an affectionately frank portrait *en famille*.

Novels for the library list:

My Cousin Justin. By Margaret Barrington. (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

A Flower in His Hand. By Freda Lingstrom. (Cape; 8*s.* 6*d.*)

The World is Mine. By Wm. Blake. (Cassell; 10*s.* 6*d.*)

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bush

FOR those pleasant, leisured summer-garden-party fixtures you will look perfect in Paquin's white and black two-piece. (Paquin's London salon is at 39, Dover Street.) Imagine this frock and coat under a summer-blue sky and June sunshine. The dazzling whiteness of the coat is striking, dramatic, and will make you feel clear-cut and smartly decisive. On a really hot day which has followed many days of summer weather, when pastels have lost their savour and prints seem too sweet, you 'll turn to your white and black with thankfulness. Against the green grass and the inevitable hydrangeas which always attend such functions white has a crispness that no amount of shimmering heat will spoil. For Wimbledon, Ranelagh or the Eton-Harrow match here 's a suit that men will like and women will envy. One cannot expect more than that. In detail, a corselet waist to the coat, with a skirt which will swing as you walk, and the sheerest, coolest handkerchief linen for the frock. The print pattern, with its hurrying lines of horse transport and antique tricycles and penny-farthings, will intrigue you and stimulate amusing reminiscences from your older friends. Here 's a frock, in fact, inspired by past delights, and designed for future ones

Scott Bushe

Noon Flower - - - -

She waits until the sun has climbed high and warmed the white sea-wall. Then she goes gaily down to the plage, in a cool silk beach frock, blue as the shimmering, diamond-studded sea. The dress comes from Elizabeth Arden, 25, Old Bond Street; Miss Arden calls the colour Mediterranean blue and the silk is patterned with white flowers, and gay as cottage crockery. By way of contrast, a navy waterproof beach bag. The "fastening" of the bag is a mirror-topped box to hold accessories to beauty. With blue, a Sky Blue Pink make-up, and at the bottom of the page is a picture of the make-up box. It contains Ardena and Japonica powders, lipstick, nail varnish, rouge and sea-blue Eye Sha-do; you can see how attractive the box is, with sky-blue and pink satin ribbons interlocking. Above it, Miss Arden's Ideal Suntan Oil—in two shades, honey or café, and in a container reminiscent of race glasses. The lid slides up the handle. The top picture shows three preparations for tanning with discretion. Sun-pruf Cream encourages tanning but prevents burning and redness. The Protecta Cream will allow the most delicate skin hours in the sun and will prevent it from changing colour at all. Miss Arden offers this complete sun-protection, as you can see, in the form of a cream or a lotion

The bystander's In search of Novelties

"Fine and fruity" in the very nicest sense is Derry and Toms (Kensington High Street) necklet of tiny apples, pears and grapes strung on a collar of gold leaves, 21s. 9d. Matching clip, 10s. 9d. Good and gay with cotton evening dresses

discovered by poets

pictured by poems

Tying up the colours of your Braemar woollies: you can have cashmere scarves to bring together any two shades of your jumpers and cardigans. Here are the two ways of combining the colours. Braemar goods are sold at many stores, but a card to Innes Henderson, of Hawick, will bring the name of the nearest retailer

Fine filmy black lace as delicate as a cloud, with a centre "stripe" of white lisse motifs, makes a headscarf for evening which you can wear in countless ways. It looks well worn mantilla-wise, or fastened on with a flower, and is guaranteed to add the "mystic touch." (Jays)

When you drive out to dinner and the car is an open one, a veil will preserve your hair-set and your glamour. Jays, of Regent Street, have some specially designed to wear over the head. The one immediately right is in coarse black veiling, dotted with midnight-blue chenille. It costs 12s. 9d.

Gardener's Chronicle

Mixed Grill

By R. C. Jenkinson

Herbaceous borders: *some plants for borders are mentioned in this week's article. This one is at Kew Gardens*

THE heat-wave has given way to blessed rain and all in the garden is green again. While azalea flowers flopped before rain came, the late, hardy hybrid rhododendrons are magnificent, and one species here in Surrey was in full beauty for Ascot week: Rh. Griersonianum, with flowers of a curious cochineal scarlet, a colour unique in the genus until it was introduced by George Forrest from Upper Burma in 1918, to walk straight into the ranks of the ten best species. Fairly hardy in open woodland, where it cannot be grown in the open it makes a magnificent pot plant for a cold house.

Roses have most properly been first-class this June, not only the hybrid teas, but also many of the wild ones from China, America, and elsewhere. I saw last week a rose called Utahensis, which is quite new to me, a spreading six-foot bush with most lovely large single carmine flowers. I wonder if any reader can enlighten me about this plant? It is not mentioned in any book I possess.

Suckering Roses

THEN there is the golden form of the Scottish briar, Rosa Spinosissima lutea maxima, with flowers the size of a florin, cup-shaped, and very rich in colour. This last should always be grown on its own roots; it suckers so freely that there is no excuse for grafted plants. While it is deeper in colour, I cannot say it is more beautiful than R. Hugonis, which never fails to wreathe its long, arching branches with pale yellow cups. Hugonis is pretty well known, but should be planted more often in clumps than as single bushes, and never as a standard—a horrible, artificial way of growing a naturally free-growing wild plant.

From the Altai mountains we welcome the lovely Rosa Altaica, with fairly large single white flowers. This, again, should never be grafted, for, like the Scottish rose, it suckers freely and makes in time a great clump. Rosa Macrophylla is a much taller bush, up to ten feet, with scattered rose-pink flowers, followed by quite good fruits, of which the best form came years ago from near Belfast.

Of the well-known blood-scarlet Moyesii I would write only a word of warning: it varies a good deal in colour, and only the best should be bought. Seedlings vary infinitely.

Herbaceous Flowers

THERE is a very attractive penstemon, called Ovatus, in full flower to-day, about fifteen inches tall, the flower stems rising from a flat rosette of leaves. It is a good blue and very attractive as I have it, grouped with Anthemis Sancta-Johannis, from Bulgaria, whose orange buds are about to open into dark orange daisy-flowers. It may get killed in wet winters on heavy soils, but is so easy to strike from cuttings that one can always keep a reserve stock.

I do not understand why Baptisia australis is so little grown. From a two-foot bush of soft grey-green leaves rise its short, upright spikes, like erect laburnum, of rich, true blue. It is so easy and so prolific of its seed pods that it should be everyone's plant.

Hybrid pæonies are magnificent, with great single or double flowers of crimson, pink or white. But do not forget, particularly if you have woodland or a wild garden, two most lovely species, P. Whitleyi major and P. Veitchii, the former a tall, three-foot plant, whose white petals surround a bunch of golden stamens, while the latter is dwarfer, with a more arching habit, and has mauve-pink flowers; the foliage is prettily cut and turns clear yellow in autumn.

Lilium rubellum *is a woodlander from Japan for cool, deep, well-drained, lime-free soil. The shell-pink flowers are carried at the top of two- or three-feet stems*

Lilies

IT is yet early for lilies, but a clump, established now for three years—so that one may hope that it is permanent, though one never knows with lilies—of the Japanese Lilium Rubellum has been wonderful, a thicket of two to three-and-a-half feet stems, carrying from one to four light rose-pink flowers. It seems to be happy, growing in a good deal of shade in deep, moist soil amongst rhododendrons.

The new hybrid, Lilium Scottiæ, is, I think, an addition to our gardens worth growing. I do not, as a rule, like hybrids: there are far too many of them and they are seldom an improvement on their parents. But this one, from Willmottiæ x some form of umbellatum, is very good; an easy garden plant, with rich orange flowers that stand facing you, at right angles to the main stem, not drooping in any way. It is not a very tall plant—up to about three or four feet. I can conceive no prettier planting than L. Scottiæ coming up in half-shade through geranium Pratense, the dark blue variety which is flowering so freely this month, making branching, two-feet bushes.

Lupins and Iris

"RUSSELL" lupins were magnificently shown at Vincent Square the other day, and the best-named varieties are about as good as any lupin could be, both for size and colour; but those who wish to grow them must realise that only the selected, named sorts are worth having. Mixed seedlings have no merit over any other mixed lupins, and propagation must be from cuttings.

There is an iris flowering very well now, called Lævigata. It is a water-lover from Japan and might remind you of I. Kæmpferi, than which it flowers three weeks earlier. There are several named forms of it, but none as lovely as the type with flowers of clear intense blue.

Their First Wimbledon : Six young players who have been accepted for the first time by the All-England Club

Miss B. E. Clements

Betty Clements is a pretty young player from Warwickshire and holds the junior championship of her county. She is seventeen, and is the youngest accepted girl in the championships, barring sixteen-year-old Jean Nicoll

Miss F. B. Cooke

Betty Cooke is from Somerset, for whom she plays in the county team, and was recently runner-up to Mrs. Hammersley in the Worcestershire championships. She is even better known as a squash player, having won her international cap at this game

Miss A. P. Cardinall

Audrey Cardinall is another young player who avoided this year for the first time the qualifying process at Roehampton. She is an ex-junior champion of Herts., now plays for Middlesex county ; she always carries the mascot of her youth with her, as here

Frk. Schou-Nilsen

Laila Schou-Nilsen is world speed-skating champion and ski champion of Norway ; she is also ranked second at lawn tennis in her country. She was not accepted for the singles, and failed to qualify at Roehampton, but was accepted for the doubles

Miss M. I. Harris

Muriel Harris is the eighteen-year-old ex-holder of the Middlesex Junior title, who last year beat Jean Nicoll but who seemed unlikely to do so again this year

Miss J. Nicoll

Jean Nicoll is not, of course, playing her first Wimbledon, but only her first accepted Wimbledon. The sixteen-year-old who took a set from Alice Marble this summer has a good chance of reaching the last eight, should do well in the doubles with Betty Nuthall

Social Register

FOUR WEDDINGS

Mr. Fenwick and Miss Nan Mellor

Charles Fenwick, Warwickshire Yeomanry, son of the late Captain C. H. Fenwick, of the Lodge, Market Overton, and Nan Winifred Mellor, daughter of the late Salusbury Mellor, and of Mrs. Alfred Westmacott, of Norcott, Bembridge, Isle of Wight, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton, and have gone to Cornwall for their honeymoon

Fayc.

Mr. Ferens and Miss Milner

Denis Harold Ferens, only son of the late Harold Ferens, and Viscountess Torrington, of Liesse, Buckfast, Devon, and Petronel Frances Mary Milner, only daughter of the late William Milner, and Mrs. Milner, of Great Ambrook, Ippleden, Devon, were married at St. Mary's Abbey, Buckfast, and are honeymooning in Wales

The Hon. Fionn O'Bri

Fionn Myles Maryons O'Br Inchiquin and the Dowager L present baron, and Joseph Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bembar Surrey, and 30, Brook Str North Audley Street. They

TWO CHRISTENINGS

Henry George Charles Alexander Herbert, His Parents and Godparents

Lord and Lady Herbert's son and heir was christened in Lambeth Palace Chapel last week, with the Duke of Kent, to whom Lord Herbert is Equerry, as one of his four godfathers. In this group are Lady Floyd and Lady Hambleden, godmothers, Lady Herbert, the Hon. Anthony Herbert, proxy for Mr. John Morrison, Lord Herbert, Lady Rachel Howard, godmother, and Lord Charles Hope, proxy for his brother and the baby's uncle and godfather, Lord Linlithgow

Susan Jean Douglas and Her Parents

Lord and Lady Cecil Douglas's daughter, born in February, was christened last week at St. John's, Hyde Park Crescent. Her father is the brother of Lord Queensberry, who is godfather to his baby niece. Her parents were married in 1927, and live in Hertford Street, W.1

and Miss Bembaron

youngest son of the late Lord Inchiquin, and brother of the Reine Bembaron, daughter of f the Old House, Westcott, W.1, were married at St. Mark's, also having a Cornish honeymoon

Mr. Bonham Christie and Miss Celia Spurling

John Robert Bonham Christie is the only son of R. A. Bonham Christie, of Avening Park, Avening, Glos., and the late Mrs. Bonham Christie. Celia Ruth Spurling is the youngest daughter of the late Harry B. Spurling, and Mrs. Spurling, of 2, Egerton Mansions, S.W.3. They were married at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens

MUSICAL PARTY

Lady Howard de Walden Took a Party

Her daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. John Scott-Ellis, and her daughter, the Hon. Priscilla Scott-Ellis, were in Lady Howard de Walden's party at the Georgian Festival Concert held at the Queen's Hall as part of the bi-centenary celebrations of Queen Charlotte's Hospital. Lady Shrewsbury and her brother (below) were also in the audience

Mr. Crofton, the Countess of Shrewsbury

TWO ENGAGEMENTS

Mr. Keir and Miss Cazalet

Thelma Cazalet announced her engagement ten days ago to David Keir, son of the late Rev. Thomas Keir, of Lauder and Dumfries. She is Capt. Victor Cazalet's sister, has been M.P. for East Islington and an Alderman of the County of London since 1931, and is P.P.S. to the Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Education

Mr. Reid and Miss Anne Paget

Desmond Arthur Reid is the younger son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. P. L. Reid, of Thorpe Mandeville Manor, Banbury. Anne Byng Paget is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget, of Ibstock Place, Roehampton. She is eighteen this year, three years younger than her fiancé

PLANNING A BALL

Lady Hadfield, Princess Nikita of Russia

Princess Nikita of Russia is president of the Russian Ball at the Ritz on July 5th in aid of children's holiday camps. She and Lady Hadfield gave an at-home in connection with the Ball at the latter's house in Carlton House Terrace last week

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

The Finish of the Championship

SET-BACKS are doubtless good for everyone. Miss Jessie Anderson's golf may be all the better because she disappointed herself and many others by failing to win her second British championship, and it is assuredly good for me that my prophecies should not be always right: I might be tempted to chuck golf and take up a career of rivalry to Old Moore.

Perhaps one should have seen it all along: Miss Anderson playing too perfectly in the Internationals and early in the championship; Miss Pam Barton swinging well, better than she has for a very long time, and in a grand, serene, cheerful mood, but yet not quite on the very crest of the wave, only en route there.

ACCORDINGLY, it is Miss Barton, working up to a splendid final, who is British champion again, fulfilling the promise that seemed hers when she was runner-up in 1934 and '35, and winner of this championship and the American in '36. Now she should go ahead again, not, perhaps, all-conquering, for that position seems to have gone out with the spacious days of Cecil Leitch, Joyce Wethered, and Enid Wilson, but not tempting criticism and disappointment as she has in the interval since the autumn of 1936.

She played really fine golf at Portrush: not erratic, neck-or-nothing, out-for-the-gallery shot, but producing the high-light now and again when needed, and twice pulling herself admirably together after declines lasting from the fifteenth hole in the morning until the second after lunch, and again, more threateningly, from the twelfth till the sixteenth in the afternoon. The Miss Barton of last year would have wilted altogether before Mrs. Marks' splendid persistency; Miss Barton, 1939 model, recovered herself quietly, a little strained and anxious for the first time of the day, but still in command of the situation, and won on the seventeenth, otherwise the thirty-fifth. All praise to her.

AND all praise to Mrs. Marks. To be frank, the general public had no expectation of such a final. Irish friends might relate how many scratch prizes she had won in medal play, but she had lost all her International matches, 5 and 3 to Miss C. M. Park, one down to Miss Thompson (who won BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes when she was an unknown), and at the twentieth to Mrs. Rhodes. Her progress through the championship itself had been more dogged than impressive; the twentieth from Mrs. Gage, one up from Mrs. Watson, one up from Miss Joan Henderson, twenty-first from Mrs. Fletcher.

But the final atmosphere seemed to inspire her; with that stiff, short back-swing, free, full follow-through, she was hitting the tee shots as far as Miss Barton now chooses to hit them, and on the green her beautiful, smooth striking, which gave the ball every chance to reach the hole and, having reached it, to drop, was beautiful in the extreme. She did not attempt the impossible; she made the minimum of bad shots. Only once or twice did there seem the slightest chance that she would crumple up and let a real defence degenerate into a rout. That idea she dispelled as quickly as it floated across anybody's mind, and not a few people alleged that if her long putt had dropped on the fourteenth in the afternoon, or even on the sixteenth, Mrs. Marks would now be champion.

Of which the long and short is that we had a thrilling final, with golf beyond all expectations, with Miss Barton round in 79—she was level fours for fourteen holes—in the morning, only three up at the end of those same fourteen, and only two when they went in to lunch. How she lost the first hole after it; how she was twice four up and then only one up at the fifteenth, is history now, redounding enormously to the credit of both winner and loser.

Ireland had not produced a finalist since 1909, when Mrs. Hulton, then Miss Violet Hezlet, was beaten at Birkdale by Mrs. Hurd (Dorothy Campbell). Mrs. Marks' final, as well as the Irish team's win from England and narrow loss to Scotland, suggests all sorts of hopeful possibilities for the Emerald Isle again.

Mr. Walde and Miss Wilkins

A recent golf wedding was that at Christ Church, Down Street, between Richard Stewart Walde, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. S. Walde, of School House, Chigwell, and Dorrit Wilkins, the Chigwell player, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Wilkins, of Cecils, Chigwell. They are honeymooning in France

IT was a surprising championship in many ways. After Miss Clarrie Tiernan had beaten Miss Anderson good and proper, and withstood great determination that afternoon from Mrs. Challen, taking the seven incoming holes in level fours to win, it was reasonable to suppose she would have a chance of seeing if she could repeat over thirty-six holes the win she had from Miss Barton last year over eighteen. Mrs. Marks saw to that.

Hopes, too, were fixed on Miss Elsie Corlett, only to be nipped by Mrs. Newton, who played with much greater life and better putting than the reigning English champion showed, and did, indeed, touch the best golf she has ever played in an Open or English.

Mrs. Challen did stout work in beating Miss Kathleen Garnham at a moment when that golfer was playing better golf than ever before.

Picking up that tell-tale notebook of mine, I come on the figures for Miss Barton's semi-final against Mrs. Newton: the winner out in 37, one under fours for the rest of the match, which finished on the fourteenth. Small blame to Mrs. Newton that she won no hole.

Yes, this was justly Miss Barton's championship. She beat Miss C. M. Park one up; Lady Katherine Cairns 5 and 3; Miss Millicent Couper 4 and 3; Mrs. Hugh Percy 2 and 1; Mrs. Newton 5 and 4, and that seems good enough.

NOW, let 's hope, it will be she, and perhaps Miss Wanda Morgan, who will take up the cudgels with Miss Jessie Anderson in that three-baller against Henry Cotton, to be played at Maylands, Romford, on Saturday afternoon, July 15th. It ought to be a great match, worth going many miles to see, especially as Mr. Robert Middlemas's Fairplay fleet of buses to give East End children country outings will benefit. Though it might be rash to put money on the girls, I cannot help thinking Cotton will have no easy time of it. If they take it in turns to shoot eagles at him, as Miss Morgan did at that last hole against Bobby Locke in company with Mrs. Guedalla and Miss Regnart, what about it?

The Essex Ladies' County Golfing Association Foursomes at Wanstead

Mrs. Iorns (Chigwell) and Miss Kathleen Garnham (Naze) returned the best scratch score at Wanstead—160

Mrs. A. Webb (Frinton) and Mrs. A. Walker (West Essex) were runners-up with second best scratch score of 179

GO GREYHOUND RACING AT WHITE CITY

LAST year more than two million people passed through the turnstiles of White City Stadium to see greyhound racing. Since the famous London racecourse was opened to the public in June twelve years ago, over eleven thousand races have been fought and won.

Today the appeal of White City is more compelling than ever. 1939 brings new facilities, new standards of spectator luxury, and, as always, the world's finest racing greyhounds in thrilling action. On three evenings each week during the summer months—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 8 o'clock—you can enjoy the fascination and excitement of a great sport at its greatest! Go greyhound racing at White City!

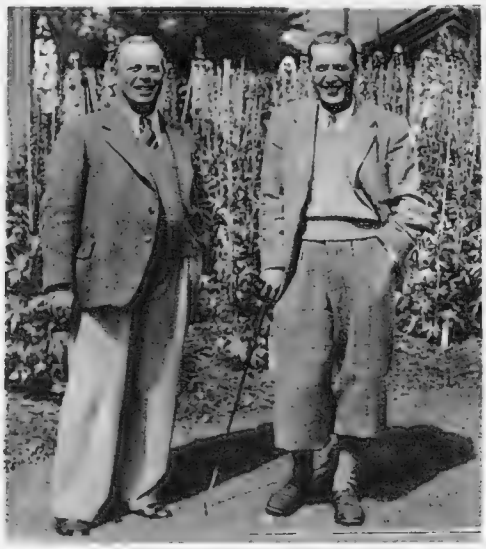
J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

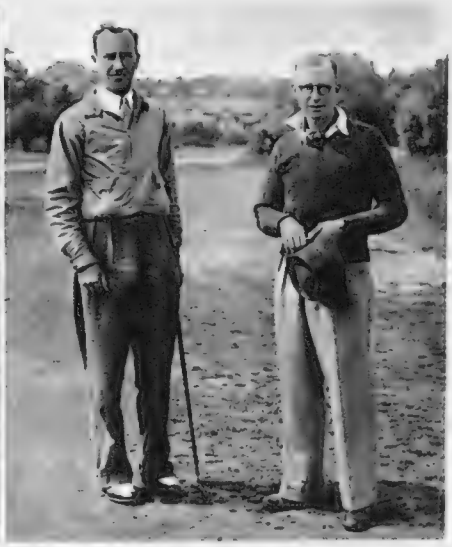
Top of the League

THE Penfold League tournament, which was played on the course of the Little Aston Golf Club, resulted this year in a tie between C. A. Whitcombe and T. H. Cotton, who scored 18 points each out of a possible 20.

The twelve professionals who have the best average scores in the leading medal-play tournaments of the previous year qualify to play in the League tournament, in which every competitor has to play an eighteen-holes match against every other player; two points are scored for a win and, to use football league language, one point for a draw. It is a most excellent form of golf tournament, and certainly more interesting and exciting to watch than medal-play tournaments of 72 holes. This tournament should also be a much better guide to the selectors of our Ryder Cup team than the medal-play tournaments, as there are always amongst all classes of golfers certain players who play better in match play than in medal play and *vice versa*.

The only flaw in the tournament is that it takes rather too long. Five and a half days' golf of eighteen-holes matches is certainly a severe strain on the players, and the spectators have a little too much of a good thing.





Overseas Golfers: the Lucifer G.S. Meeting at Walton Heath

No one beat Colonel Bogey at Walton Heath in the final of the Lucifer tournament. E. J. Brooks (Australia) returned fourth best score, 7 down; he is with G. A. L. Plummer (Singapore) (left)

P. H. Scoones (Hong Kong) and Dr. T. C. Baker (S. Africa) were high up on the list of returns: Baker having second best score with a total of 6 down,

COTTON lost his four points by getting beaten by Sam King by two and one on the first day, and by Charles Whitcombe by the large margin of four and two on the Friday. Whitcombe got soundly beaten by four and three by James Adams, who started this tournament in great form and lost his other two points by halving with Sam King and Percy Alliss.

The last day's play was very exciting, as Whitcombe and Cotton were level with one match to play each. Cotton was at his very best and beat the Open champion, R. A. Whitcombe—who was, naturally, trying his hardest to keep the prize-money in the family—by three and one. You can tell how well Cotton played from the fact that he had only played 62 shots when the match finished on the seventeenth green. Charles Whitcombe, who had to play Alfred Perry, got a bad start and looked like being beaten; he was three down after six holes and still one down and two to play when Perry pushed his tee shots into trouble at the last two holes and allowed his opponent to win them both in steady fours. Percy Alliss, who was top of the League last year, finished bottom this year with only four points.

(*Concluded on page 532*)

THIS season is sartorially bold, for despite international distractions, it is exceptionally rich in new styles. Some of them are ephemeral, others have come to stay.

Conservatism is so often synonymous with good taste, that many well-dressed men, instinctively mistrusting new styles, commit the extravagance of ordering clothes that are passing out of date.

Pope & Bradley have an intelligent regard for the varying incomes of their customers; and since they are an accurate thought ahead in style, fashion does not predecease the long life of their clothes.

POPE & BRADLEY

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The recent expansion of the Armed Forces has led to a comprehensive revision—and reduction—in Pope & Bradley's prices for all Officers' uniforms, whether Naval, Military or Air Force.

This England . . .

Withypool, Somerset.

THOUGH its name be clumsy yet is there risen a good and subtle thing in this England. "Rural bias" it is called—a device whereby some worthy educational authorities are seeking to broaden the minds of their charges. For if England's cities are become important, she cannot live by them alone. And is not the little motor car beneficent in the same degree, in that it frees the people to go about their lovely heritage, to learn again an understanding of the country life? For in such measure as we become farm and country conscious is our contact with the past maintained and the strength of England renewed. And if this gentle schooling weary you, is there not Worthington at your halt—old-fashioned, English and itself devised for the renewing of England's strength.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

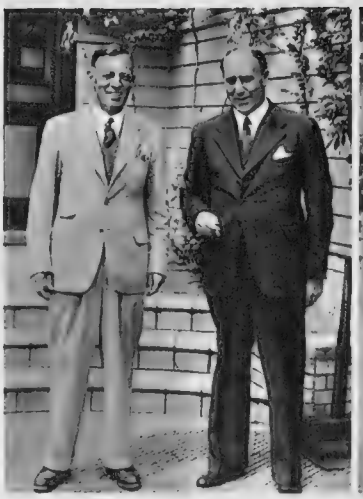
Mrs Can't *'I want just one course—something light!'*

Mrs Can *'What you want is a course of* **Eno***!'*

Are you afraid to eat ? And all because you're afraid of putting on fat ? Why not do as sensible Mrs Can does—take Eno first thing every morning ? Then there'd be no *need* to starve yourself. Eno washes away all those unhealthy poisons that are the *real* cause of fat, keeps you young *inside and out*, makes meal-times once more a pleasure instead of a penance. Eno contains no sugar or anything injurious. Its purity has been known to doctors for seventy years. Take Eno regularly, then eat and be slender !

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

● Eno costs only 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6 at all chemists
● The words 'Eno' and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trademarks



More Overseas Golfers at Walton Heath

W. F. Bridges (Malaya) returned the best qualifying score at the Lucifer tournament of 72; Dr. C. S. Wilson (Malaya) spoilt a first final-round score of 5 down in the second round

F. V. Edwards (India) returned 6 down on the Old Course at Walton Heath, 4 down on the New; he is with Capt. T. R. Caraghan, a player from the West Indies with a 5 handicap

J. S. F. Morrison *(Continued from page 530)*

WE certainly do get some funny results in golf matches played with the modern clubs and balls. To take one example: the finalists in the Ladies' Amateur championship could, between them, only win one match in the international matches played just before the championship. Miss Barton scored her only win by beating Mrs. Idina Mills at the nineteenth hole, but lost to Miss Nan Baird by three and two, and to Mrs. J. B. Walker also by three and two, while Mrs. Marks got beaten by Miss C. M. Park by five and three, by Miss M. Thompson by one hole, and by Mrs. E. M. Rhodes at the twentieth.

THE new golf club at Deauville is holding a golf week, starting on July 10th, during which there will be competitions for both amateurs and professionals, men and women. All the events, except a 36-hole medal competition on the Wednesday, will be played off handicap. This competition is open to both amateurs and professionals. There will be twelve prizes for professionals. The first will be 20,000 francs, the second 10,000 francs, the ninth 1000 francs, and the twelfth 500 francs. The first amateur will receive a prize valued at 2500 francs, and there will be second and third prizes.

On the Monday an 18-hole foursome competition for amateurs partnered by professionals will be held. The professionals will play from plus two, the assistants from scratch, and the amateurs from their club handicaps. There will be four prizes for professionals, the first prize being 3000 francs, and three prizes for amateurs, the first prize being of the value of 2000 francs.

On the Tuesday there will be the same form of competition for the same prizes, except that each pair must consist of a lady, who will play from the ladies' tees, and a professional. On the Thursday, and following days, a match-play mixed foursome tournament will be played in two divisions. The winners of each division will receive prizes of the value of 12,000 francs, and the runners-up of the value of 5000 francs.

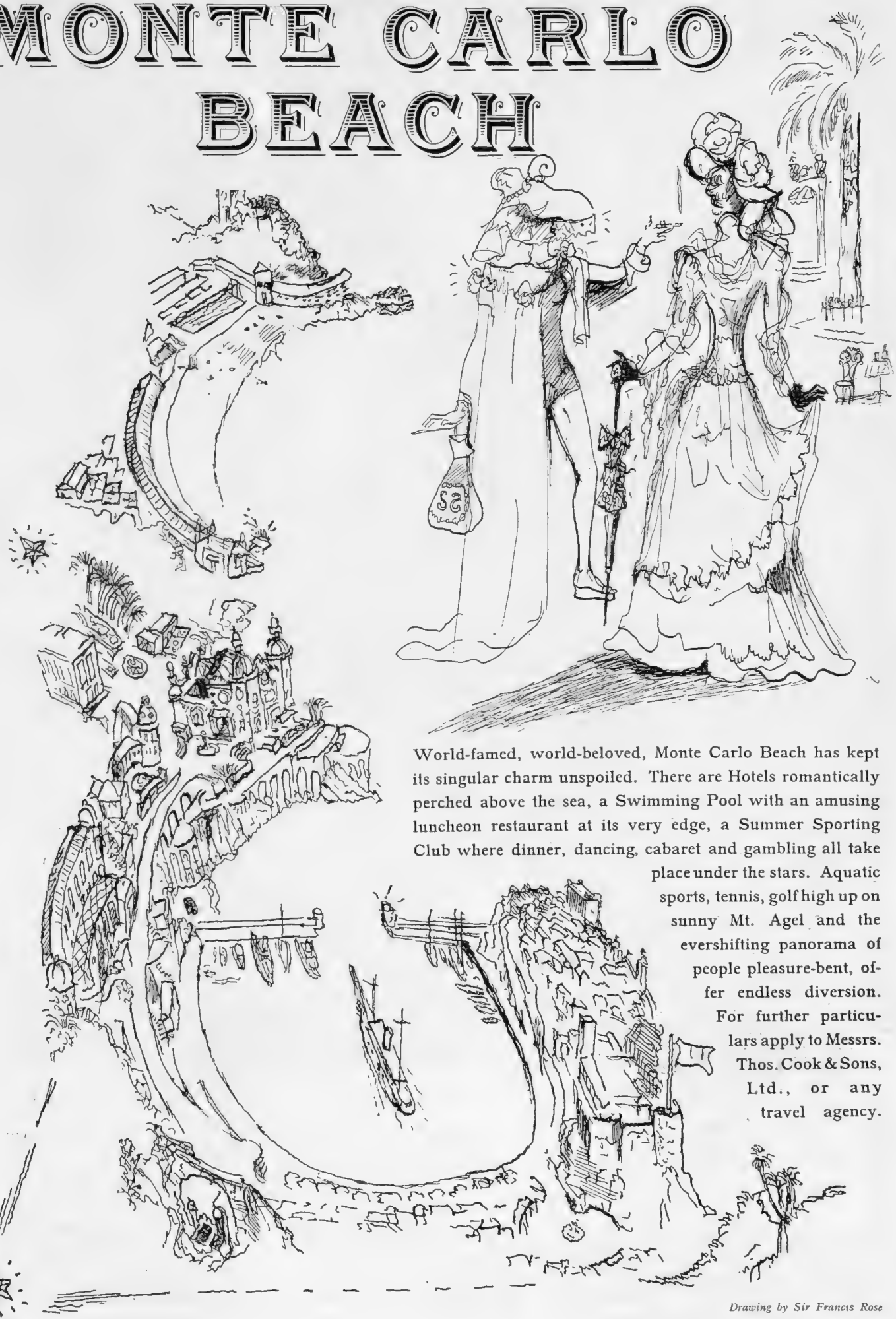
The course of the new golf club at Deauville runs round the Golf Hotel, which is beautifully situated on the high ground inland of the town, from which fine views of the sea, the surrounding country, and the town can be seen. The course provides interesting golf, and as the ninth and thirteenth greens, as well as the eighteenth, are close to the hotel, players can use three starting places on crowded days, and those who do not wish to play a full round can cease play at the doors of the hotel.

THE fourth annual golf competition in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund will be held at Moor Park on Monday, July 10th. In the morning the Brassey Challenge Cup for the best scratch score will be played for, and also the Dewar Challenge Cup for the best score under handicap, both of which are open to ladies only. There will also be first and second prizes in each of three divisions.

In the afternoon there will be flag foursome competitions in which ladies can play with gentlemen or with each other, and entries from two men will also be accepted. The foursome competitions will be played off handicap, and players may start at any time before 6.30 p.m. Post entries for these events will be accepted. The entrance fee, which includes all events and green fees, is only half a guinea, and should be sent with the entry to the Countess of Brecknock, Westbourne House, Westbourne Street, London, W.2, who is the chairman of the golf committee. Entries close on July 6th.

If you can manage to play in this meeting you will, besides enjoying yourself, contribute to a most deserving cause—a cause which everyone who is able to afford a holiday in the country should assist.

MONTE CARLO BEACH



World-famed, world-beloved, Monte Carlo Beach has kept its singular charm unspoiled. There are Hotels romantically perched above the sea, a Swimming Pool with an amusing luncheon restaurant at its very edge, a Summer Sporting Club where dinner, dancing, cabaret and gambling all take place under the stars. Aquatic sports, tennis, golf high up on sunny Mt. Agel and the evershifting panorama of people pleasure-bent, offer endless diversion. For further particulars apply to Messrs. Thos. Cook & Sons, Ltd., or any travel agency.

Drawing by Sir Francis Rose

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

The Four-Litre Sunbeam-Talbot
Mr. Hess writes about this car this week

ADVICE has recently been sought by the R.A.C. as to the validity of private-car and motor-cycle policies when the policy-holder uses the insured vehicle in connection with Air Raid Precautions training.

Confirmation has been received that so far as the tariff companies are concerned it has been agreed that where social, domestic and pleasure use is allowed under the policy, use by the insured in connection with Air Raid Precautions training may be regarded as social, domestic and pleasure use, and the public authority concerned may be indemnified without additional premium. The assured must, however, give advice to his insurance company of his intention so to use the vehicle, and the name of the public authority must also be given, so that the requisite endorsement may be added to the policy.

The Lloyd's underwriters issuing the R.A.C. policy confirm that similar cover is afforded under this policy on notice being given as above.

ALTHOUGH French cars occupied the first two places at Le Mans, Great Britain was by no means disgraced. Out of 42 starters, 12 were British cars, and although only 20 cars finished, 8 of these were representatives of this country.

The Lagonda Company may well feel proud of the way their two cars ran. Filling third and fourth places in the general classification and finishing first and second in their class from Delahayes, they adhered strictly to their predetermined schedule throughout, and that driven by Dobson and Brackenbury was only eighty miles behind the winning Bugatti of Wimille and Veyron at the end of the twenty-four hours.

The car driven by Dobson and Brackenbury averaged 83·5 m.p.h., while that driven by Lords Waleran and Selsdon averaged 83·3 m.p.h. This fractional difference in performance over a distance of more than 2000 miles is a striking example of consistency. I have a hunch that we may see one of these cars in action at Brooklands on August Bank Holiday in the hands of Charles Brackenbury.

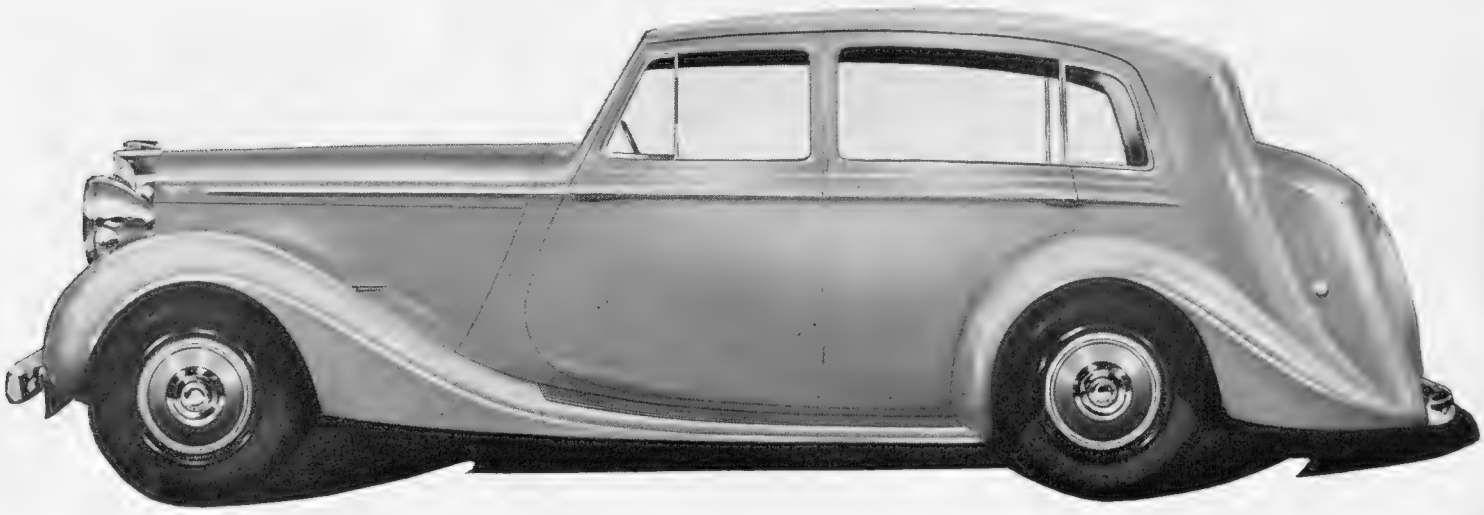
The reported incident over Jean Tremoulet's refusal to obey the flag signals calling him into the pits when his car was spilling oil and making the circuit unsafe and of his hostile reception by the crowd when at last he did draw in, is unfortunate in the extreme. One may expect to encounter this sort of thing in certain countries in athletics, but it is fortunately rare to find it in motor-racing!

THE Ford Gymkhana at Brooklands was terrific. An all-time record attendance of upwards of 20,000 people gave the lie to the Brooklands slogan "The right crowd and no crowding"—at any rate, as to the latter half of it! From the commentators' box I shared with Thomas Woodrooffe it was impossible to see any part of the Campbell Circuit except Howe Corner, the finishing straight and Test Hill Bend, but I had no difficulty in knowing when Hunter's imposing red Alfa Romeo swept past Thomas on the B.M.W. to go into the lead, somewhere on the back stretch, for the crowd cheered itself hoarse—and that 's a rarity at Brooklands!

The visitors saw Ford cars leaping at high speeds off ramps and being hurled through glass, flames, and piles of barrels. The programme also included driving-skill tests for private owners and the finals of the Boy Scouts' Soap-box Derby.

(Continued on page iv)

Sunbeam-Talbot 4-LITRE TOURING LIMOUSINE



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THE NEAREST THING TO FLYING

ESSO ETHYL

Motoring Commentary

(*Continued from page* ii)

If I had to sum up the proceedings in one threadbare phrase, one and only one would suffice, and that is : " A good time was had by all "—and particularly, I suspect, by the Ford stunt drivers led by our old friend, Whalley, of Monte Carlo Rally fame !

THE outstanding characteristic of the 4-litre Sunbeam-Talbot is its extraordinary vivacity. A very satisfactory power-weight ratio results in knife-edge acceleration, while something in the region of 90 m.p.h. may be maintained for long periods—when road conditions permit. The steering is very light but quite positive, the shock-absorbers are instantly and definitely controllable from the driving seat and the brakes are exceedingly powerful yet smooth if applied delicately.

Very readily manœuvrable in traffic, this intriguing car is also ideal for fast touring, when an astonishingly high average speed may be maintained without mechanical or physical strain.

With such scintillating performance at his command and with such responsiveness and power available in such a light frame, it behoves the driver to employ tact with the use of the throttle. If, through a momentary lapse, the accelerator is depressed with the front wheels on lock, the tail swings round in a manner reminiscent of a racing car ; while if he goes too fast into a corner and brakes hard as he turns the steering-wheel, he is also likely to be fully occupied for the next second or two. But such peccadilloes are only to be expected with a highly-developed design of this type, and at least the driver will have " brought it all on himself " through thoughtlessness and indiscriminate driving.

I can find only one fault with the 4-litre Sunbeam-Talbot, and that is not a very serious one. I should have liked—especially with so lively a car as this—to have been able to see my nearside wing from the driving seat. Failing this, I should have liked to have had the guidance of a " cherry-stick " on that wing ; but as neither convenience was afforded me, I should at least have been glad not to have been further embarrassed by the presence of the mirror bang in my line of vision to the nearside. But this, as I have said, is only a very minor fault and it would take many such points to dampen my sincere enthusiasm for a great modern car.

A Morris " Ten " Saloon

This Morris " Ten-Four " o.h.v. saloon, Series " M," is seen by the river at Pangbourne Weir

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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WALLACE HEATON New Bond St. AND BRANCHES

Flying News in Brief

By Charles Ward

THE all-steel fighter that forms the background for the picture on this page has several interesting features. Most of the latest Service aircraft are built of duralumin, a metal for which there is a great demand. The Martin-Baker being steel and bolted instead of welded, makes it an easy proposition for manufacture, assembly and repair. Performance in the categories of speed and climb is well up to modern standards and its strength is such that no pilot is likely to break it in the air. The "Dagger" engine, an air-cooled unit giving 1000 horse-power, is simple to build and in large-scale production. Captain Baker will be remembered by everyone who learnt to fly at, or who used Heston as a rendezvous for the first six years of its development. He was the instructor par excellence, with perfect hands and the gift of inspiring confidence in his pupils. The Duke of Windsor used to fly with Baker when he wanted some practice landings.

IT is by contrast that we realise the immense progress of aviation since flying commenced, little more than thirty years ago. The "Golden Hind," just launched for Imperial Airways, weighs 31½ tons and has 5500 horse-power to give it a top speed of 200 miles an hour, carrying ten tons of useful load. First of Britain's commercial flying-boats was the "Sea Eagle," built by Hubert Scott-Paine at Southampton and powered with a Napier "Lion." It made 80 knots and was the pioneer on the route to the Channel Islands. Much of the history of Imperial Airways is contained in three films, now released for general exhibition. *Aerial Milestones, Sydney Eastbound* and *Wings Over Empire* are documentaries that interpret progress of the past few years. Very cunningly contrived, I thought, with good commentary and unobtrusive music.

DERBY is on the air map, with its port of call duly declared open by our indefatigable Secretary of State, Sir Kingsley Wood. Highlight of the accompanying display was a first performance by Fleet Air Arm pilots, armed with the formidable "Skua" dive bombers. The "Spitfire" formation, twelve up, was perfect, but we have become accustomed to such precision from the R.A.F. The individual event of note was a demonstration of a "Hurricane" by Fl.-Lt. R. C. Reynell, a member of Hawker's team. No one present could remember seeing a high-speed monoplane fighter thrown about with such abandon. Apparently it is a matter of muscle control. If you can keep the supply of blood to the brain fairly constant during tight turns and changes of direction, then you're safe at 300 miles an hour under any circumstances.

Three men responsible for a new all-steel fighter are test pilot Captain V. H. Baker on the left; designer J. Martin, and financier Francis Francis. The "Dagger" engine, developing 1000 horse-power, was designed by Frank Halford and built by Napiers

PLANS are being made to hold an air display at Redhill on July 29th, in aid of the Guild of Air Pilots' benevolent fund. The organiser is F. W. Farey-Jones, Croydon Airport, Surrey.

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July **9** to September: 35 days of Horse Races on 2 Courses—£50,000 in prizes.

July **22, 23, 24:** AERIAL RALLY, Great Britain-Deauville, under the patronage of the Royal Aero Club. For information apply to Cdt. Harold Perrin, 119, Piccadilly.

Sunday, Aug. 27: GRAND PRIX DE DEAUVILLE.

Sale of Yearlings; Polo; Horse Show; International Regattas; Tennis; 2 Golf Links; Children's Sports and Activities; 2 Physical Culture Clubs.

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Fayer

Anne Katharine Walker

Is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Walker, of Lundie, Brechin, Angus, and is engaged to Derek Shappé Sidebottom, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Sidebottom, of Jolesfield House, Partridge Green, Sussex

Owing to a photographer's error, we published the above picture in our issue of June 14th over the name of Miss Adelaide Mary Orr Walker, now Mrs. Alexander Tulloch *(see p. D)*

Bassano

Rosemary Barbara Mills

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Mills, of Offchurch House, Warwickshire; her fiancé is Ian Winterbottom, elder son of Mrs. Georgina Winterbottom, of 7, Hanover Terrace, N.W.1

Bertram Park

Margaret Ann Hanson

Is the youngest daughter of the late R. A. Hanson and Mrs. Hanson, of Beauvale, Greasley, Notts., and is to marry J. G. Helps, of Clipstone, near Mansfield, Notts., son of Mr. and Mrs. George Helps, of Manor Court, Nuneaton

Fayer

Pamela Pearman-Smith

Is the twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Pearman-Smith, of Moulsford-on-Thames; she has announced her engagement to Douglas Wells Beharrell, youngest son of Sir George Beharrell, D.S.O., and Lady Beharrell, of Barnards, Harpenden, Herts.

Bassano

Cicely Otter-Barry

Cicely Phœbe Susanna Otter-Barry, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Otter-Barry, of Glazeley Hall, Bridgnorth, is engaged to Capt. David Hugh Rycroft, K.S.L.I., younger son of the late Rev. E. H. Rycroft and Mrs. Rycroft, of 14, Argyll Mansions, S.W.3

Cannons of Hollywood

Audrey Parker

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parker, of Sandisplatt, Maidenhead Thicket, Berks.; she is engaged to Capt. Alan Frank Johnson, R.A., son of Major-General F. E. Johnson, C.S.I., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Johnson, of Holt Bank, Alverstoke, Hants.

Pearl Freeman

Prudence Mary Addington

Is the daughter of Major the Hon. Raymond and Mrs. Addington, of Highway Manor, Calne, Wilts.; she will marry on July 1st at Alexandria Lieut. Hugo Edward Forbes Tweedie, R.N., H.M.S. Greyhound, son of Admiral Sir Hughand Lady Tweedie, of Wraxall House, Som.

Wallace Heaton

Eve Putley

Has announced her engagement to W. R. Beatty, R.N., youngest son of the late Captain and Mrs. R. G. Beatty. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Putley, of Furzebank, Brighton

Kay Vaughan

Elizabeth Anne Simonds

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Simonds, of Newlands, Arborfield, Berks.; she is to marry Derek Guy Walker, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Walker, of Laycocks, Castle Cary, Somerset

Vandyk

Rosemary Terry

Rosemary Kathleen Dampier Terry, daughter of the late F. D. Dampier Terry and Mrs. Terry, of 28, Millbrooke Court, Keswick Road, S.W.15, is engaged to Lieut.-Com. Martin Henry St. Leger Nott, O.B.E., R.I.N., son of Major and Mrs. Nott, of 19, Newbold Terrace, Leamington Spa

Lenare

Diane Abdy Collins

Will marry on July 22nd George S. M. White, only son of Sir Stanley and Lady White, of Hollywood Tower, Westbury-on-Trym, near Bristol. She is the only daughter of Bernard Abdy Collins, of Aldeburgh, and Mrs. Abdy Collins, of Yew Tree Cottage, Itchen Stoke, Hants.

Bassano

Mary Felicity Campbell

Is the only daughter of the late Lt.-Col. J. K. B. Campbell, K.O.S.B., and Mrs. Campbell, of Old Gables, Kersey, Suffolk; she is engaged to Charles Godfrey Graham-Brown, son of the late Rev. W. Graham-Brown and Mrs. Graham-Brown, of Pund Hill, Long Melford, Suffolk

(Concluded on page D)

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Getting Married *(Continued from page B)*

Burdon — Woodroffe

A Simla wedding took place earlier this month between Martin Burdon, Central India Horse, only son of Sir Ernest Burdon, Auditor-General in India, and Mary Woodroffe, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Dobree Woodroffe, of Swanage, Dorset

Eugster — Smyth-Osbourne

Basil Eugster, Irish Guards, son of the late Lt.-Col. and Mrs. O. L. Eugster, of Kempston Hoo, Bedford, and Marcia Smyth-Osbourne, daughter of Air-Commodore and Mrs. P. Smyth-Osbourne, of Holmedown, Exbourne, Devon, were married at Brompton Oratory

Bonham-Carter — Athill

Jocelyn Henry Bonham-Carter and Maud Lesley Athill were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. His parents are Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. Bonham-Carter, of 51, Iverna Court, W.8, and hers are Mr. and Mrs. L. C. H. Athill, of 38, Sneath Avenue, N.W.11

Pitman — Burra

Peter R. C. Pitman, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Pitman, of the Corner House, Gullane, East Lothian, and Joan Daphne Parker Burra, daughter of Mrs. Robert Burra, of Gate, Sedbergh, Yorkshire, were married at St. Adrian's, Gullane

Boyce — Portlock

Captain Arthur Boyce, Hampshire Regiment, youngest son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. H. A. Boyce, of Farringdon House, Alton, Hants., and Pamela Portlock, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Portlock, of Bombay, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Page — O'Mahony

Capt. Richard Kennett Page, Royal Artillery, son of Mr. and Mrs. Kennett Page, of Upton Lodge, Bursledon, Hants., and Patricia O'Mahony, daughter of The O'Mahony and Madam O'Mahony, of Grange Con, Co. Wicklow, were married at Ballynure Church, Co. Wicklow

Tulloch — Walker

Alexander R. Tulloch, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Tulloch, of Westburn, Prestwick, Ayrshire, and Adelaide Mary Orr Walker, the international skier, daughter of Archibald Walker, of Newark Castle, Ayr, and the late Mrs. Walker, were married at Alloway Church, Ayr

McCormick — Hoare

The Rev. Michael McCormick, rector of Bilsthorpe, Notts., son of the late Very Rev. J. Gough McCormick and Mrs. Gough McCormick, of 14, Trumpington St., Cambridge, and nephew of the Rev. Pat McCormick, and Rachel Audrey Hoare, daughter of Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Lionel Hoare, of 14, Brechin Place, S.W., were married at Chelsea Old Church

Elsmie — Dunkerley

George R. Elsmie, Gordon Highlanders, and Jocelyn Dunkerley, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Dunkerley, of Wansford, Peterborough, Northants, were married at Essex Church, Kensington. He is the only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. R. F. Elsmie, of Banchory, Aberdeenshire

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

June 28—July 4

First Night and Matinee days are correct at going to press, but readers are advised to check them with the dailies

THEATRES

Straight Plays

AFTER THE DANCE.—Serious study of the clash of bright middle-age and serious youth gives Robert Harris, Catherine Lacey, Martin Walker, Anne Firth their chances for sometimes comic, mostly tragic, always poignant studies: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE ASCENT OF F 6.—A revival by the Group Theatre of Auden and Isherwood not-so-biting satire; Alec Guinness, Gyles Isham, Barbara Everest: Old Vic, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

BEHOLD THE BRIDE.—Luise Rainer with a lively performance proves that an actress can rise superior to a poor play; Jeanne de Casalis, Evelyn Roberts support her: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

BRIDGE HEAD.—A gripping and well charactered play about the Irish Land Commission at work—Commissioners Wilfrid Lawson and Stephen Murray hold the stage: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. (Last days.)

BRIDGE OF SIGHS.—An episode of Russian history; Judy Kelly as Catherine the Great, Reginald Tate as Orloff: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protegé: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, Hugh Williams does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's triangle makes bright entertainment; Rex Harrison delightfully at home, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook not quite; cheap seats: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GROUSE IN JUNE.—A fresh and witty light comedy about Americans in Scotland, with Richard Goolden, Constance Lorne, Billie Ryan: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE INTRUDER.—Eric Portman heads a distinguished cast including Mary Hinton and Jill Furse in this entanglement of emotions; well translated from François Mauriac's *Asmodée*: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET.—Another scientific thriller from the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*; Leslie Banks leads a strong cast: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OF MICE AND MEN.—Claire Luce, Niall MacGinnis and John Mills in John Steinbeck's strong, grim American tale: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

ONLY YESTERDAY.—Adrian Brunel's life-in-war-time play has Irene Vanbrugh, Dorothy Hyson, Colin Keith-Johnston: Playhouse, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

PERICLES.—A lavish production, with music and dancing, of this lesser-known Shakespeare: Open Air Theatre, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PYGMALION.—Margaret Rawlings as a fair Eliza and Basil Sydney as an excellent Higgins in this Shaw revival: Haymarket, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan continue their jolly pre-matrimonial worries; cheap seats: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. (Last days.)

RHONDDA ROUNDABOUT.—A kaleidoscopic, honest, sometimes touching, sometimes naïve picture of life and characters in a Welsh mining valley: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Shakespeare's plays in his birthplace by a good company: Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO KILL A CAT.—Enid Stamp-Taylor, Margaretta Scott and Clifford Mollison in a competent comedy-thriller: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Comedy, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE WOMEN.—Clare Boothe's play hands raps to most of her sex in a bright, big, all-American production led by Karen Peterson: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

BLACK AND BLUE.—Frances Day and Vic Oliver head a lively cast and chorus in this "intimate rag": Hippodrome, 6.30 and 9.

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes is Ivor Novello's new musical setting with Mary Ellis and Roma Beaumont: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FARJEON'S LITTLE REVUE.—The author and the cast (Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, etc.) of *Nine Sharp* turn further witty lights on contemporary phenomena: Little, 9. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 9. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves continue to hand out laughs generously in the low-down on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE NO. 122.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Darja Collin

This Dutch dancer comes from Paris to perform in the Evening of Music and Ballet to-day week at the Albert Hall. This occasion, organised by Lady Harcourt, is in aid of the Radium Institute and the Mount Vernon Cancer Hospital

Variety

VARIETIES can be seen in London at the Palladium (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

RUTH DRAPER.—The American diseuse in a programme including a number of new sketches; Vaudeville, 8.45. Tues., Thurs., 2.45.

First Nights

HAMLET.—The farewell production at the doomed Lyceum with Gielgud as the Prince and Fay Compton as Ophelia, opens to-night, 28th (runs six performances only).

JUGGERNAUT.—Harold Warrender and Helen Haye head the cast in a story of life in Austria and how it was crushed by Nazi-dom: Saville, to-night, 28th.

THE DESERT SONG.—Bruce Carfax and Doris Francis are successors to Welchman and Edith Day in this revival: Garrick, Thurs., 29th.

SPRING MEETING.—The comedy of the lighter side of Irish life revives with Zena Dare as the widow, Edmund Breon as the Squire; cheap seats: Piccadilly, Mon., 3rd.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—This favourite open-air production starts in Regent's Park on Tuesday, 4th.

CINEMAS

BEETHOVEN (French).—Harry Baur plays the composer, the Conservatoire orchestra plays the music; a strong study of loves and work in Beethoven's life: Curzon.

CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY (American).—Edward G. Robinson in a new role as investigator of audaciously authentic German espionage: Warner.

EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN (American).—Marriage troubles in this comedy with Bing Crosby, Mischa Auer, Joan Blondell and a baby: Regal.

LA FEMME DU BOULANGER (French).—A coarse, jolly, satirical tale of Provençal village life; trade, feuds, cocuage and Raimu: Berkeley.

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS (British).—Robert Donat and Greer Garson are Mr. and Mrs. Chips in the film of James Hilton's novel: Empire.

HOTEL DU NORD (French).—A realist film of life in the Paris slums with a romanticised ending; Annabella, Louis Jouvet, Arletty: Paris.

JESSE JAMES (American).—Tyrone Power as the toughest bandit in American history, Henry Fonda supports: Gaumont.

LOUISE (French).—Charpentier's opera makes a film for Grace Moore: Carlton.

PETER THE GREAT (Russian).—A fine historical film from Alexei Tolstoy's book; Simonov plays the name-part: Academy.

STAGECOACH (American).—How a group of people make the stage from Tonto to Lordsburg and what happens to them (plenty!): Odeon.

THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE (American).—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire re-play in a romanticised form the career of the pre-war dance pair: New Gallery.

THIS MAN IN PARIS (British).—Valerie Hobson, Barry K. Barnes and Alastair Sim in the same newspaper atmosphere as this film's predecessor, *This Man Is News*: Plaza.

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP (American).—Deanna Durbin sings and smooths the course of true love for others: Marble Arch Pavilion.

TROUBLE BREWING (British).—George Formby and Googy Withers and some counterfeiting: London Pavilion.

YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN (American).—W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy in debt and the show business: Leicester Square.

OPERA and BALLET

EDUCATIONAL BALLETS, COVENT GARDEN:

LAC DES CYGNES, COQ D'OR, SCUOLA DI BALLO.—To-day, 28th, 2.30.
CARNAVAL, LAC DES CYGNES, CENDRILLON.—To-night, 28th, 8.45.
GODS GO A-BEGGING, FILS PRODIGUE, CHOREARTIUM.—Thurs., 29th, 8.45.
PAGANINI (first performance).—Fri., 30th, 8.45.
JEUX D'ENFANTS, FILS PRODIGUE, AURORA.—Sat., 1st, 2.30.
GOOD-HUMOURED LADIES, PAGANINI, AURORA.—Sat., 1st, 8.45.

For Monday's and Tuesday's programmes, see dailies.

OPERA AT GLYNDEBOURNE:

COSI FAN TUTTE.—To-night, 28th, 6.45.
DON PASQUALE.—Fri., 30th, 5.15.
MACBETH.—Sat., 1st, 6.15.
DON PASQUALE.—Sun., 2nd, 5.30.
COSI FAN TUTTE.—Mon., 3rd, 6.45.
DON PASQUALE.—Tues., 4th, 6.45.

D'OYLY CARTE AT SADLER'S WELLS:

MIKADO.—To-night, 28th, 8.
PRINCESS IDA.—Thurs., 29th, 8.
YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.—Fri., 30th, 8.
TRIAL BY JURY and THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.—Sat., 1st, 2.30 and 8.
MIKADO.—Mon., 3rd, 8.
IOLANTHE.—Tues., 4th, 8.

SPORT

WIMBLEDON.—The first week of the championships at the All-England Club.

MOTOR RACING.—Crystal Palace Cup Race, Crystal Palace Circuit, Sat., 1st.

GOLF.—Open Championship starts at St. Andrews, Mon., 3rd.

POLO.—India v. The World, Hurlingham, Mon., 3rd.

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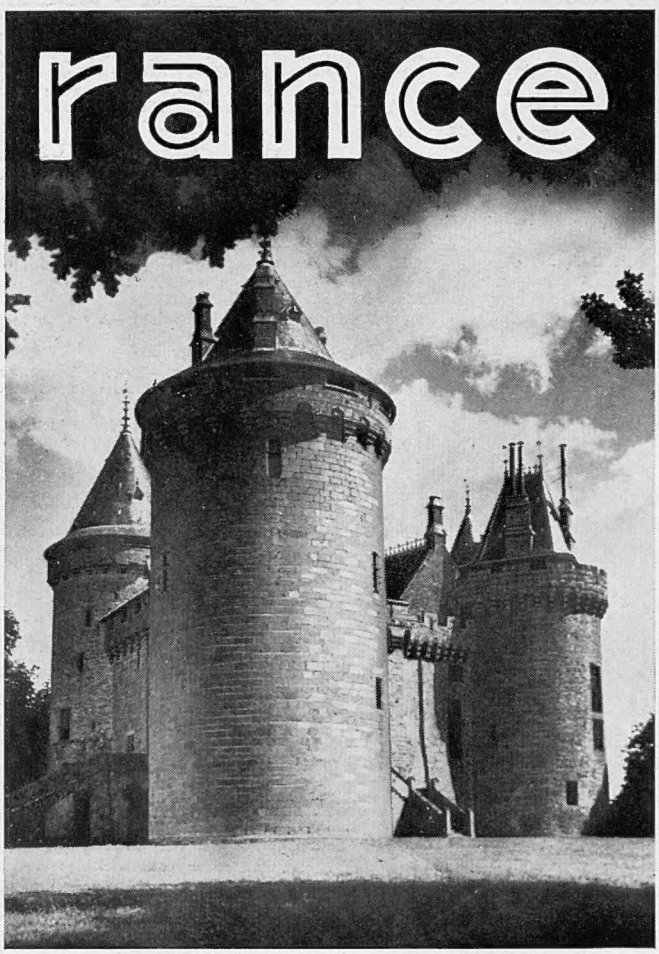

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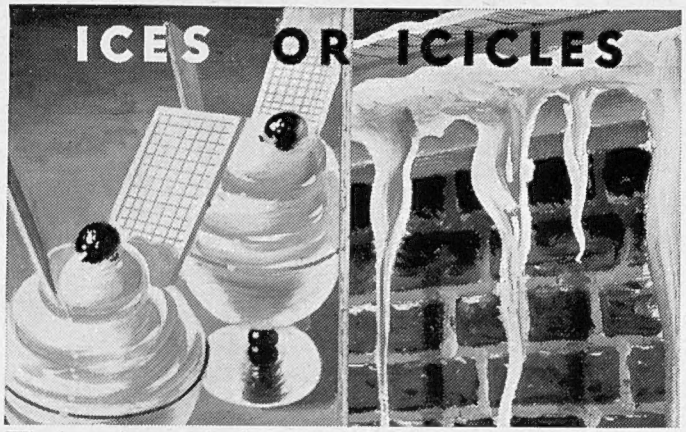

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